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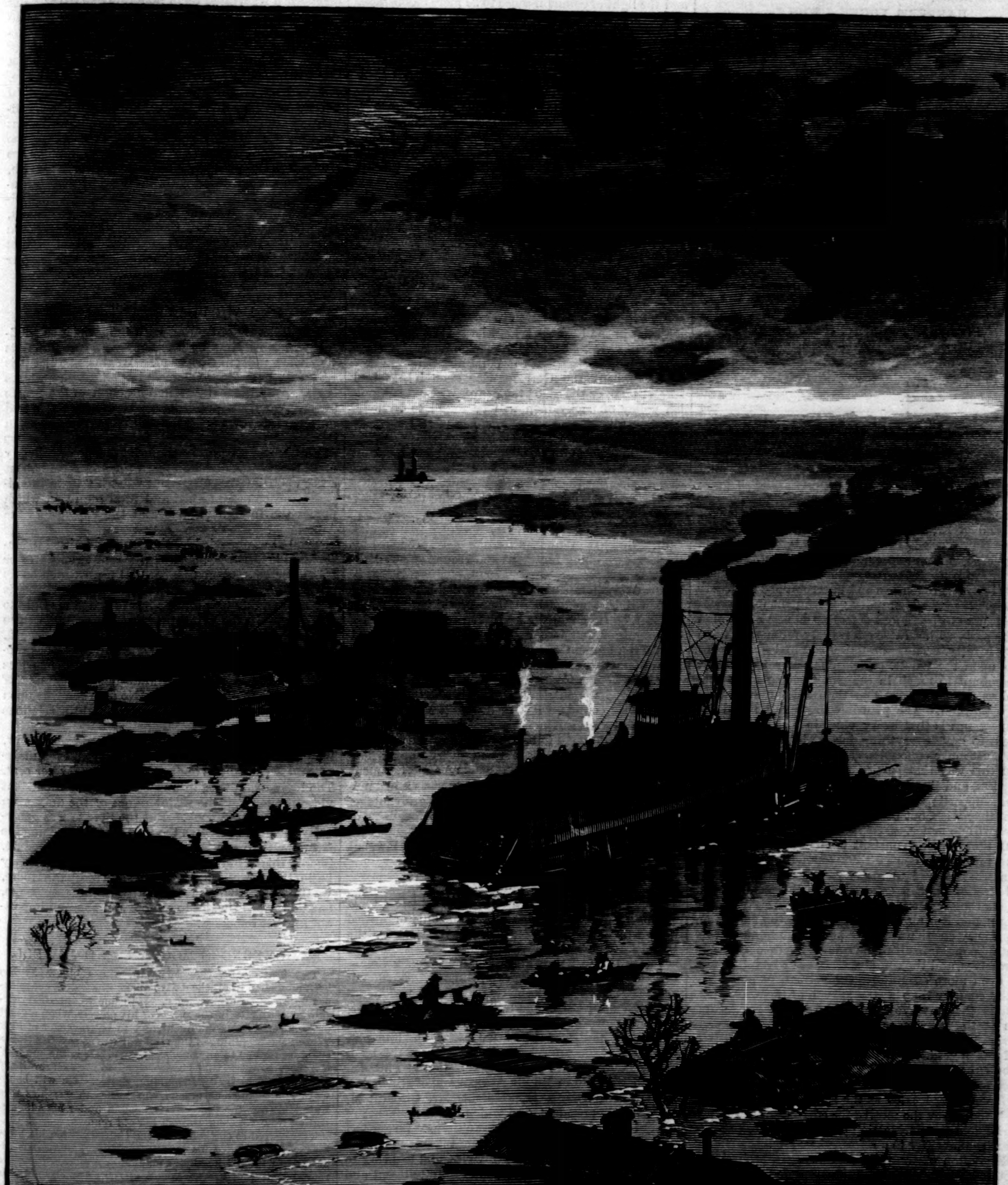

THE GREAT FLOODS—ON THE OHIO, BELOW CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 24, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published February 20, contains a rare assortment of stories, attention being equally divided between the girls and boys. The former will turn with eager interest to "Vic Vinton's Valentine," a story of school-girl life, by Miss Agnes Carr, *and to Chapters XXVI. and XXVII. of "Nan," by* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, *the experiences of that little heroine becoming more exciting and pathetic as the story draws to a close. The boys will linger regretfully over the concluding chapter of "Reg," by* Matthew White, Jun., *and will follow with delight the fortunes of the valiant dog "Rouser," as described by* L. A. B. Curtis.

There is a timely article on "Washington in Youth," and Mrs. M. E. Sangster *gives some pleasant information in regard to the great hero in an article entitled "The Minuet."* James Otis *introduces his readers to a pleasant game for winter evenings, entitled "King's Court."*

This Number is conspicuous for its beautiful art-work. The front page, "Ye Dance of Olden Time," is by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd. *The stories are illustrated by* Mrs. Shepherd, Miss Jessie McDermott, *and* W. L. Sheppard. *There is a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "Little Snow-Shoes," and a graceful winter sketch by* H. L. Brown, *entitled "Why So Tearful?" "I Did It With My Little Hatchet" is a most amusing and timely "Comic," by Chip.*

Harper's Young People........	Per Year	$1 50
Harper's Weekly.............	"	4 00
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A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

REGULATION OF PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

THERE is no reason that the attention which is justly paid to measures of political policy should prevent the consideration of improvements in political methods, and it is in this view that the interest in the legal regulation of primary elections is one of the good signs of the times. There is a bill pending in the New York Legislature which provides certain safeguards, but a more comprehensive and thorough regulation is needed to secure the end desired. There will always be ingenious and unscrupulous devices to pervert the methods of party government to personal objects, and to baffle and defeat an honest expression of the party will. These efforts rely for success upon party loyalty. The assumption is sound that a voter who, upon the whole, prefers one party to another, will submit to much in the party management that he does not approve, rather than aid the success of the opposition. The plausible argument urged for acquiescence is that every voter in a party can not expect to have everything just as he would choose, and must make concessions and a choice of evils. It is in this way that parties are perverted from their purposes, and that honest men sometimes find themselves supporting a party, not because it accomplishes what they wish, but because they doubt whether any other will do better.

As there is this constant tendency to perversion, there must be a constant corresponding purpose to counteract it, and to make party a faithful agent and elections honest expressions of the popular will. This is the great and radical reason for civil service reform, and it is also the argument for the regulation of primary elections. They are both means of preventing popular institutions from being turned against themselves, and the sound methods at which they aim are even more essential to the permanent prosperity of the country than a wise system of tariff taxation, because they involve directly the honest representation of the popular will. The reform of the civil service has begun by the passage of the reform bill, and the regulation of the primaries will effectively second that beginning. Each measure will aid the other. The first, by preventing the minor civil service from being treated as the spoils of party success, tends to destroy the motive for corruption of the primaries, and the purification of the primaries helps to lessen the hostility to a reformed service.

Regulation of the primaries means a preliminary election at which the individual preferences of the members of a party respecting candidates shall be ascertained. This would show the real disposition and condition of the party, which the general election, as now conducted, does not show. It would enable every voter to declare his preference, and to ascertain how far it was shared by others. It would secure an honest representation of the party sentiment in party conventions, which is now always doubtfully accomplished. It would further enable every voter, by showing him the actual relative strength of candidates, to throw his vote most effectively at the final and decisive election. But chiefly—and this is the most important consideration—it would baffle the plots of large and local "bosses" and "heelers," and re-awaken general active interest in politics by restoring to the citizen who can not make politics a business his legitimate share of influence in controlling them. Undoubtedly the skill of political knavery would gradually devise means of baffling the good operation of the reformed primaries. This is but natural. Knavery is always trying to outwit honesty. But that is only a reason for continued and continually greater diligence in withstanding it. The honest American people, as experience shows, may be trusted not only to keep their political system in repair, but constantly to improve it, and to smile, as they improve, at the sneers of the knavish and the feeble who hold the hope of progress to be folly and the light of common-sense to be mere moonshine.

THE GERRYMANDER.

The Democratic majority in the New York Legislature should remember that the Gerrymander, although seductive, is a dangerous "wild fowl" to handle. The Congressional apportionment is to be made, and there is no question of the principles which should govern it. The districts should be composed of contiguous territory, and as nearly as may be of an equal number of inhabitants. The district basis presupposes local interests, but local interests can not be assumed of widely severed districts. Moreover, the fundamental purpose of any apportionment whatever is a just representation, and this purpose is defeated by the uncurbed antics of the Gerrymander.

It is true that the apportionment must be made by a party majority. But must party action necessarily be devoid of patriotism, and a decent respect for the public opinion which happily makes and unmakes party success? This is a question in which the Democratic majority in the New York Legislature is deeply interested. As yet that majority has done nothing whatever to help its party at the polls, and if in the new apportionment the Gerrymander should be found sprawling over the State, the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of tricky men will be found to have its usual result. The solitary instance of real sagacity in the Democratic party since its downfall in 1860 was the canal reform of Mr. Tilden in New York in 1875–6. The motives of that reform need not be now discussed. But the fact is that a Democratic Governor of New York persuaded the State and the country that he was honestly reforming a great public abuse, and the effect upon the party fortunes was significant. But a similar result will not be produced by desperate grabbing for spoils and reckless gerrymandering.

The Apportionment Bill as presented is of the kind that will be applauded in Democratic bar-rooms as "smart." Its character and purpose are shown by combining Westchester, Putnam, and Richmond counties in one Congressional district. It might as well combine Chautauqua, Rensselaer, and Suffolk. Richmond County, indeed, is an island, and the amount of its population requires it to be attached to some other county. But of course it should be attached to its nearest neighbor. This Gerrymander, however, is declared to be approved by "the party authorities," and he will give them a very disagreeable ride. If the Democrats had offered an apportionment bill which was obviously intended to secure a just representation of the people, instead of a party advantage, they might have sacrificed one or two members of Congress, but they would have gained popular respect. The Apportionment Bill may become law, but it will not help the Democratic party.

RIGHTS THAT WE ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.

The Friends have hitherto been the only organized body which has persistently sought justice for the Indians. The general view of the Indian question has been that which is known as the military view—that they are vermin to be exterminated. We do not say that all soldiers hold this view, for we do not forget General Miles and General Crook and others, but it is the usual military theory. For some time, however, it has been evident that a wiser and humaner treatment of the subject was demanded, and this tendency has taken form in the organization at Philadelphia of the Indian Rights Association, of which Mr. Wayne MacVeagh is president, Mr. George M. Dallas vice-president, and which has the support of many other of the most eminent citizens. Its general object is to secure fair play for the Indians upon certain definite and sensible principles, and to bring to bear upon the subject the force of an intelligent and resolute public opinion.

To the formation of this opinion a little pamphlet by Mr. Henry S. Pancoast will greatly contribute. It is a sketch of *Impressions of the Sioux Tribes in* 1882, *with some First Principles in the Indian Question*, and it presents that question in a few incisive statements which must command attention. The author has no kind of "axe" to grind. He is an intelligent observer, a patriotic American, and a humane man, and his little pamphlet is a public service. In brief, the Indians are increasing in number, and not likely to decrease. They can not be exterminated without a barbarous crime of which the United States could not be guilty. They can not safely remain in their present anomalous relation to the rest of the population. The present policy of treating them as absolute dependents, without legal rights, leads to intolerable oppression and cruelty, and the obvious course for a self-respecting nation is to assimilate them. To this the obstructions are race difference and difference of political position. These must be abolished by education and legislation. Education, individual ownership of land, and equality before the law compose, therefore, the true Indian policy.

An Indian can not now bring a suit to recover a debt or wages, and a whole tribe is punished for the offense of an individual. This might be plausibly defended if we treated them honorably as tribes. But we do not. We make treaties and break treaties to suit ourselves. There are not many Indians. The last census gives but 262,366 of them altogether, of which about 60,000 are proximately civilized. Yet our treatment of them has been a national shame, and while the general situation remains unchanged we can well forbear to taunt England with the treatment of Ireland. The Indian question, however, has not been wholly neglected. Both the Grant and the Hayes administrations did something to improve the situation. But public opinion has been very sluggish, and has rested satisfied with the thought that the Indians were disappearing by absorption and extermination. The fallacy of this impression is evident, and the organization of the association, not upon a sentimental basis, except as justice and all the highest and wisest motives are sentiments, betokens a happier era both for the white man and the Indian.

FAIR PLAY WANTED.

The difficulty of dealing with the tariff is the difficulty of satisfying by the same measure interests which are radically opposed. In this conflict it is very easy to sacrifice the most important interests, as is shown by the extraordinary action of the Senate toward American publishers. The Senate proposed to lay a heavy tax upon the manufacture of books in this country, and to relieve the foreign manufacture of all tax whatever. In the brief debate or colloquy upon this unjust discrimination much was said about a tax upon intelligence. But what tax upon intelligence can be more unjust and fatal than that which favors the foreign publisher at the expense of the American?

The bill as amended by the Senate admitted manufactured books free, and laid a tax of twenty-five or thirty per cent. upon the material from which books are manufactured. Now the American publisher is not such an offender that he has forfeited his right to fair play. In the competition of honest trade there is no reason why he should be heavily handicapped. But this is what was accomplished by the bill as proposed, and it is one of the illustrations of the curious shortsightedness of those who do not see that a tariff must be regarded as a whole. No man can vote upon it intelligently who does not understand the relations of its various parts.

The duties upon ink, sized and unsized paper, straw, morocco, stereotype plates, and type are all maintained, and wood pulp is obliged to pay twenty per cent. The logic of all this, in any consistent or intelligent view of a tariff, is the maintenance of the duty upon the manufactured book. But the Senate was apparently unable to perceive the injustice of retaining the tax upon the materials and taking it off the product. Should this extraordinary blow at American industry be finally approved by the Senate and reach the House, we trust that it will be effectually "countered" there, and this gross injustice to a most valuable and important interest remedied.

EX-GOVERNORS MORGAN AND JEWELL.

The late ex-Governor Morgan, whose biography has been published in all the daily papers, was long a conspicuous figure in this community. He came to the Governorship of the State in the prime of his powers, when a great national crisis was imminent, and to be Governor of New York at the beginning of the civil war was as severe a test as could be applied to any man's capacity. It is the honor of Governor Morgan that he was equal to the extraordinary occasion, and to its overwhelming duties. He will be always remembered as one of the American worthies who were known as the War Governors, and under his administration New York maintained her old renown.

Transferred to the Senate of the United States, his large business experience, his practical ability and trained familiarity with public affairs, made him a most serviceable representative of the State and of the great city, and his sound judgment won for him the universal respect of his colleagues. One of the foremost of successful merchants, he was attentive to business until the very end of his life, and, without lingering illness, he dies amid the general regret of the community that he had faithfully served.

A younger man, of the same tastes and career, ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was buried on the day that Governor Morgan died. A cheerful, successful, prosperous citizen, merchant, and politician, Governor Jewell also will be sincerely regretted. His unfailing good-humor, his shrewdness, intelligence, and *bonhomie*, made him universally popular. Like Governor Morgan, he had been chairman of the National Republican Committee, and like him he was an unswerving party man. But there could be no bitterness in his contentions, and political friend and foe will remember him with the utmost kindness.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

After lying in a foreign grave for thirty-one years, the dust of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is brought home at last, and the feeling with which the incident is regarded was well expressed by a poet of kindred impulse in a recent number of the Weekly. Mr. Duyckinck gives a very interesting sketch of Payne in the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, taken in great part from a paper of his friend Theodore S. Fay.

Payne was born in New York in 1792, but his father went immediately afterward to Boston, where at a very early age the boy's taste and talent for literature and the theatre appeared. Returning to New York, he was a clerk in a counting-room and a student at Union College, always with the same tastes, until in his sixteenth year, in 1809, he appeared at the old Park Theatre in New York as Young Norval. He was a successful actor, and by the advice of Cooke, Payne went to London in 1813. In England and France, with varying fortune, as actor, manager, and playwright, he remained for nearly twenty years. His *Brutus* was brought out by Kean with great success in 1818. And when Charles Kemble became manager of Covent Garden, and applied to Payne for aid, Payne offered him a collection of MSS. for £230. The £30 was the sum asked for *Clari; or, the Maid of Milan*. Kemble bought them all. Payne turned *Clari* into an opera. Miss M. Tree, the older sister of Ellen Tree, took the chief part, and sang, for the first time, "Home, Sweet Home." The play was enormously successful. Miss Tree made "a great match," and everybody made money except Payne, who lost not only the £25 which was to have been paid for copyright on the twentieth night, but he was not even complimented with a copy of his song. He wrote *Charles II.*, another very successful play. But still fortune refused to smile, and in 1832 he came home.

Here he had various projects, but nothing prospered. He went as consul to Tunis, then returned, and vainly sought a more congenial place, finally going back to Tunis as consul, where he died and was buried in April, 1852. There his body has rested quietly, not in a "neglected spot," but in a garden of roses and carnations and heliotropes and violets. There, too, he was kindly regarded by Europeans and the native inhabitants. On the 5th of January his coffin was disinterred, and, as a letter in the *Tribune* states, it was carried, attended by his old Arab dragoman and a few personal friends, to the little Protestant church where the chancel window is inscribed with his name. As the coffin was brought in an Englishman at the organ softly played "Sweet Home," which an American lady sweetly sang, and then it was left alone through the night, watched by the dragoman, and in the morning it was placed upon a French steamer, which sailed for Marseilles. At Marseilles it was transferred to a steamer for New York. The name of Payne will live in the heart of every generation by the pathetic tenderness of a single song.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A merchant of the strongest Republican sympathies, and whose views are entitled to the most careful consideration as those of a man of great commercial experience and sagacity, writes us as follows:

> "Nast's well-timed illustration of the old fable recalls an incident in Mr. Chase's administration which may be worth notice by our legislators.
>
> "I once called Mr. Chase's attention to the importance of changing the navigation laws, when the war was beginning, telling him I wanted to use some vessels on the coast of China, but could buy foreign ships twenty-five per cent. cheaper than I could buy or build American vessels.
>
> "His only response was, 'What is twenty-five per cent. difference to a patriotic man who honors the Stars and Stripes?'
>
> "It looks now as if the Secretary's reply must have been sarcastic; but I think it was not, and that it indicates a general ignorance of the subject and of the laws of trade, which to-day stands in the way of any attempt to re-establish our foreign commerce.
>
> "If the Ship Bill comes before the Senate, the following considerations are worth being weighed by the Republicans:
>
> "To-day, by discrimination against our own people, we discourage our own merchants in the foreign trade from owning foreign-built ships, and from employing our own countrymen to man them, while any foreigner can run the same ships in our foreign trade.
>
> "A simple law of a few lines would remove this unjust and illogical discrimination, and take away the argument it gives to the extreme Free-traders and Democrats that we are *blind* prohibitionists of American foreign trade.
>
> "In the past this has not been of much practical importance, because our taxes, in the way of hospital money, consular fees, etc., besides our unnecessary obstruction to manning ships in the foreign trade by various laws (intended to protect our seamen, but utterly failing to do so) in regard to the methods of shipping and discharging our men, have put the American flag at such disadvantage that merchants in the foreign trade were forced to send their goods by ships not only foreign built and owned, but also managed by foreigners. Now with changes in the laws there would be more chance of our buying and ourselves manning and running foreign-built ships, while it still would not immediately restore to us *much* tonnage under our flag, unless a foreign war should occur.
>
> "Still, it would be right, wise, and expedient to remove the existing discrimination against our owning foreign-built ships of all sizes for the foreign trade.
>
> "You will readily see that the same trade could be done cheaper by our competitors in these cheaper ships, and such has been the result to a large extent.
>
> "Of course I can get my foreign goods carried under the English and other foreign flags, and should only be bankrupt if I tried to compete with them in American-built vessels.
>
> "I might *then*, as I *can now*, by hiring an English capitalist to play the part of owner, enjoy the empty honor of running ships under the British flag, but the game would not be worth the candle, after paying my English capitalist and my British ship-master; and now, from this and similar causes, the ownership of the cargoes has gradually passed, with the ownership of the vessels, very largely into the hands of foreigners.
>
> "It is easier to lose a trade than to regain it, and the right to own foreign ships for the foreign trade, with simply the advantage of the protection of the American flag, and of putting an American captain on their quarter-decks instead of an Englishman, and of paying the smaller hospital money which the proposed new law permits, would promise but slow growth to our tonnage until some foreign war looms up or breaks out. So the change I suggest would bear very little fruit in our recorded statistics of trade, and I advocate it chiefly because it is right and logical, and puts the Republican majority on record as correcting another of the mistakes of our navigation laws, and giving our merchants, ship-masters, and seamen equal privileges in the foreign trade with foreigners, instead of discriminating against our own people, as we do now.
>
> "I don't regard it as a panacea for the decline of our shipping, but only as one step toward putting our commerce into a position to avail of the next European war cloud or the next rise in the value of vessels. The free-traders in ships could not refuse it, and the time seems to me favorable for making the change.
>
> "I think I know the policy which has governed the extreme men of the free-trade persuasion. They do not want free ships admitted to purchase, because the practical gain will be small, while the change would take away one of their strongest arguments for a radical and important change.
>
> "This indifference of theirs to getting a small step ought to induce the protectionists of our party at this critical juncture to put themselves right by taking the small step of admitting to the protection of the flag all foreign-built ships *bought for the foreign trade alone*, so as to put American merchants, ship-masters, and seamen on as good a footing as foreigners are now.
>
> "An Old China Trader."

WAGNER.

In another column the reader will find a careful review of the genius and career of Wagner, and in Harper's Monthly for March a paper upon *Parsifal* has a timely interest as a graphic description of the composer's last great triumph. Wagner was undoubtedly one of the great individual forces of the century. Across smiling uplands and lesser heights the mighty Bernese Alps look to the Jura, and so over many a delightful group of charming composers the genius of Wagner towers responsive to that of Beethoven.

It is a revolutionary genius, and it can not be welcome to the musical taste which was trained and confirmed in another school. Its disciples are naturally intolerant of other styles, and unjust to other men. But that is the characteristic of all great innovations. As Emerson wisely says, if Nature would carry a point, she overloads the tendency.

In this country Theodore Thomas introduced Wagner, and it is one of his signal musical services. He encountered much incredulity and opposition, but he persevered and conquered. There is no doubt of the tendency of the musical taste of the later generation, and it is useless to deny or resist it. Wordsworth and Tennyson follow Byron, Jenny Lind succeeds Malibran, in the enthusiastic admiration of a new day. The most resolute skeptic of the "music of the future" who was so fortunate as to be present on the Wagner afternoon at the Musical Festival last May could no more withstand or deny the power and exquisite charm of that music than a leaf could help floating upon a stream. It was undoubtedly a musical revelation to many a hearer, and it was certainly a triumphant reward for the fidelity of Thomas. Madame Materna said, as it ended, that she wished only that Wagner might have been in the great hall to hear this music rendered as it never had been rendered before. Wagner's influence in his own day has been great, and it is of a kind that will increase rather than decline.

PERSONAL.

Dr. McCosh advises the trustees of Princeton College to establish a school of philosophy equal or superior to any in this country. The branches of learning that would be taught in such a school are "those on which Princeton College has set the highest value in ages past, and which are regarded as the most important by the great body of Presbyterian ministers and the old friends of the college."

—The Rev. Mr. Bjerring, formerly priest of the Greek chapel in New York, which the Russian government recently decided to discontinue, has applied for membership in the presbytery of this city, and it is expected that his application will be favorably entertained.

—In painting a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. J. W. Alexander is complimented by a Boston critic for having caught "the whimsical expression which the face of Dr. Holmes always carries."

—Many artists, says Mr. Hubert Herkomer, paint the technique, but miss the public. "We must produce the idea that will impress others, and must make it impress them as strongly as it did us."

—The exterior stone-work of Westminster Abbey has been disintegrating so rapidly as to be a source of danger, the mischief being caused by the constant deposit of grimy particles which have made the structure look so black. The Dean and Chapter have decided that the Abbey must be refaced.

—Speaking at a public meeting for furthering the erection of a memorial to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Farrar said that eighteen of the Archbishop's predecessors had been sainted, and very many more had borne in meekness and gentleness their earthly honors, but there had never been till then a spontaneous public movement in honor of the memory of a deceased primate.

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks (says the Boston *Post*) writes from India, where he is travelling, that no country charms him so much as his own, and that he will experience no happiness during his absence equal to that of returning home and rejoining Trinity Church and its worshippers. "No man ever went abroad whose reception on his return was more heart-felt and cordial than will be that which will greet Phillips Brooks when he shall once more reach his native city."

—Mr. Peter Cooper began his ninety-third year on the 12th of February, when a dinner in his honor was given by his son-in-law, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, and many floral tokens of appreciation were received at his home.

—In the streets of New York, according to the London *Spectator*, the women are terribly overdressed, and the men's faces wear a sad, preoccupied, almost saturnine expression. Yet "at bottom the American is of a singularly good-natured disposition."

—The late Adelaide Neilson's mother tells a reporter that it is a great mistake for an actress to marry at all. "She must choose one life or the other to succeed in either."

—At the recent annual meeting of the Baptist Social Union, at Delmonico's, the Rev. T. Edwin Brown, D.D., of Providence, Rhode Island, maintained "the right of gray-haired ministers of Jesus Christ to a place in Christian pulpits." In no other profession, he said, is a man's capacity gauged by the color of his hair. Law, medicine, and statesmanship have their richest honors and highest rewards for gray-haired capacity. Old age has its triumphs everywhere but in the ministry.

—Mr. F. Seymour Haden remembers well how when he was a boy he used to save his money until he had twenty-five or fifty dollars, and having bought an exquisite engraving, would sit up all night with it. But in his later years he sits up with etchings instead.

—From a suburban newspaper: "We heard a pastor of one of our most prominent churches decline an addition of $100 to his salary, for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labors heretofore had been to collect his salary, and it would kill him to collect $100 more."

—Mr. Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and other popular poems, is attracting large and interested audiences to his "original monologue entertainments," entitled, "The Golden Horse," and "The Science of Home." These are lectures in verse, illustrated with recitations of some of his published ballads and other poems.

—In the recently published *Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry*, father of the commentator Matthew Henry, the writer says that he saw the beheading of Charles I.: "I stood amongst the crowd in the street before Whitehal gate, where the scaffold was erected, and saw what was done, but was not so near as to hear anything. The blow I saw given, and can truly say with a sad heart; at the instant whereof, I remember wel, there was such a Grone by the thousands then present as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again."

—Queen Victoria has presented a life-size marble bust of herself to her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, who expects to visit her next spring.

—Mr. Ruskin declines to room in one of the college buildings at Oxford during his professorship. Nor will he stay at all—to quote his own words—"in a city of brick lodging-houses and scraped schools." He will take board in the neighboring country.

—Miss Ada Leigh sends from Paris some terrible statistics of suicide among children. In four years one hundred and ninety-eight boys and forty girls under fifteen years of age destroyed themselves. Two hundred of these children were over twelve years. Six of them were not yet nine.

—The late fright of France at the manifesto of Prince Napoleon recalls to a foreign writer a story about Mlle. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*. One night in 1848 the lady was in the green-room of the Théâtre Français, previous to going on the stage to recite the "Marseillaise." Attired as a Republic, with a Phrygian bonnet, and carrying a tricolor standard, she paced the floor, rehearsing in a terrible voice fragments of Rouget de l'Isle's hymn, "Aux armes, citoyens," etc. But suddenly she uttered a piercing scream, dropped her flag, and threw herself into the arms of the actor Regnier. She had seen a mouse.

—The London *News* declares that "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's saying that 'good Americans when they die go to Paris' is sufficient to immortalize him."

—"General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, in England, has, like Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, gone into banking on his own account. During the last year he borrowed, for building purposes, more than $100,000, on which he paid interest at the rate of 6½, 7, and 7¼ per cent., and he now offers to receive from his friends deposits of any amount above £5 "for fixed periods at fixed rates of interest." Some persons, he says, have already given him money in return for "an undertaking or bond drawn up by our solicitors engaging to pay them a yearly sum during their natural life equal to 5 per cent. per annum upon the capital amount"; so that the "General" seems to be safely started on the road to inextricable trouble.

—Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who died a short time since, paid the rent of more than one hundred and fifty poor families, and distributed among the poor over twenty thousand dollars a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and every week dispensed groceries, clothing, and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday in the rear of her residence. She will be greatly missed.

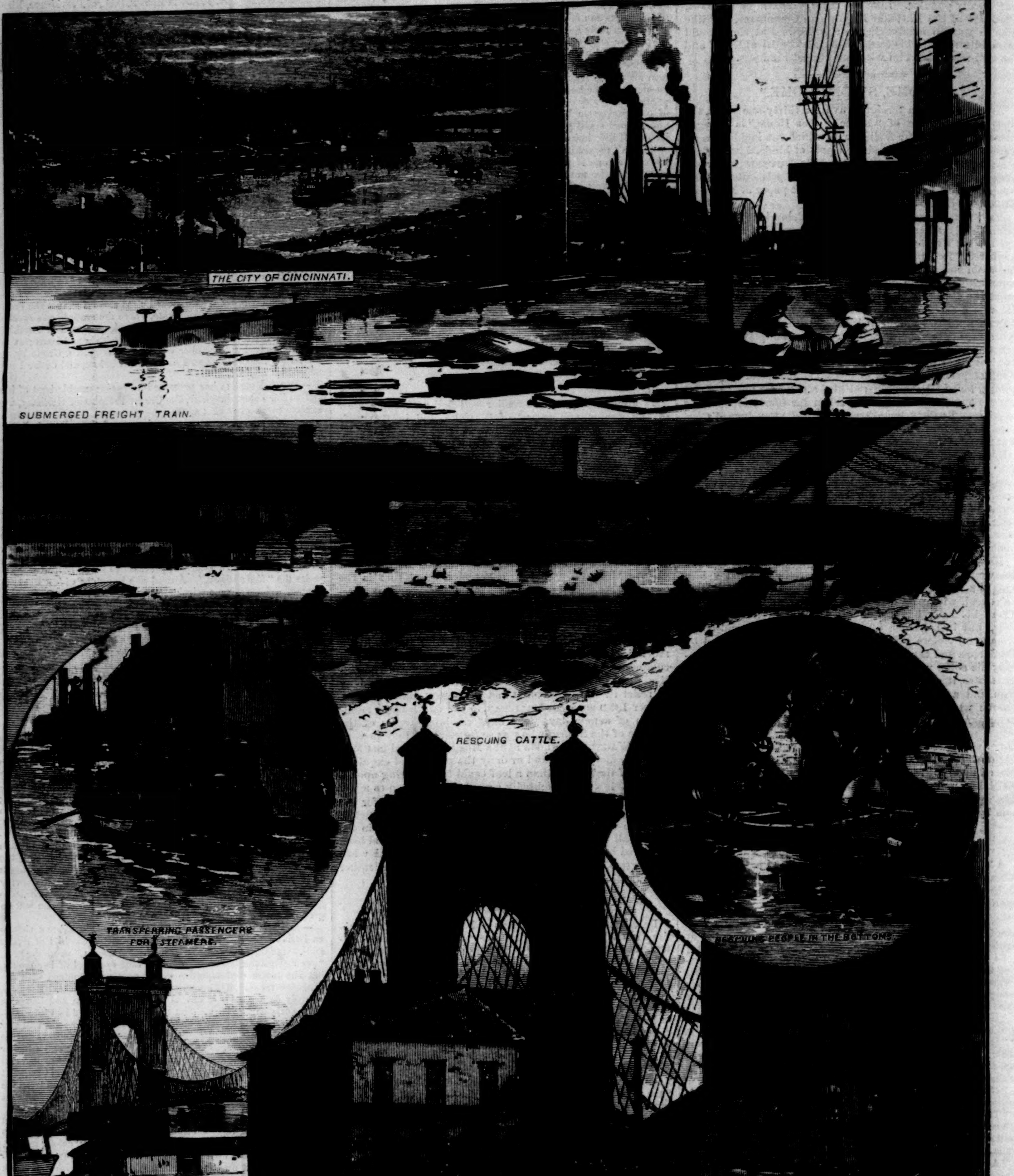
—A letter from Shelley, recently published, describes a visit to an Italian convent where Allegra, the short-lived child of Byron and Claire Claremont, was at school. "Allegra," wrote the poet, "yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, has a very peculiar effect in a child. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the garden and all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her."

—John G. Whittier's house at Amesbury, Massachusetts, is a plain white-painted wooden building, standing at the corner of two streets, and having in front of it some forest trees, chiefly maples. His study is a cozy little room at the rear of the house, with windows looking out upon a long strip of yard filled with pear-trees and vines. Upon one side of the room are shelves holding five or six hundred volumes, among which are noticeable Charles Reade's novels and the poems of Robert Browning. On the walls hang oil-paintings of views on the Merrimac River and other Essex County scenes, including Mr. Whittier's birth-place.

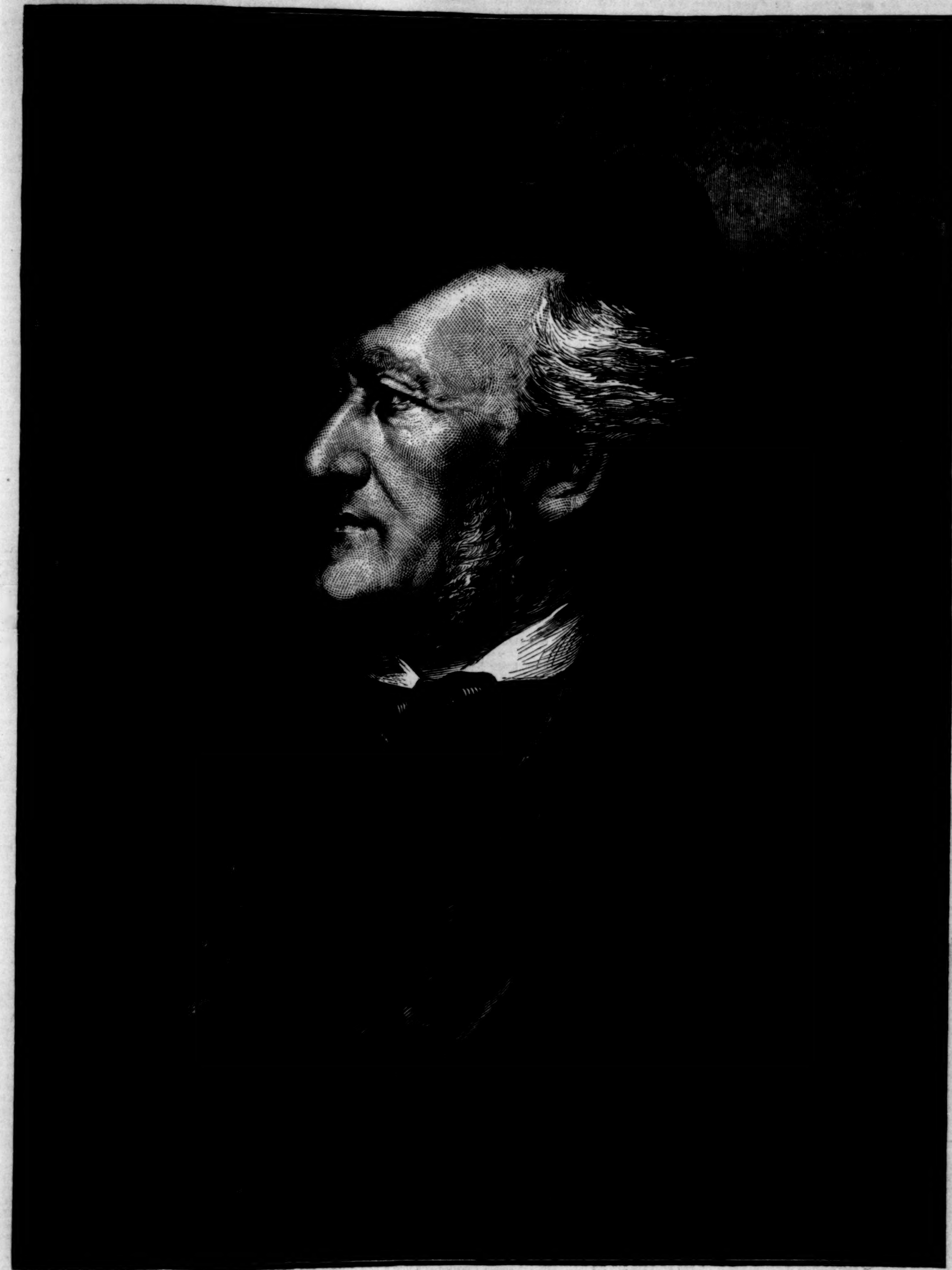
—A sale of the pictures and studio effects of the unfortunate French caricaturist André Gill, who is now confined in an insane asylum near Paris, brought only two thousand dollars. The money will be expended in providing him with some comforts.

—At a fancy-dress ball given by the Lord Mayor of London one of the guests appeared as "a red Indian in a real dress" (whatever that may mean), "with scalp and red face most legitimately painted," while a husband and wife represented North American Indian slaves, their necks, arms, and hands covered with brown fleshing, and their faces dyed to match. Each wore a crown of feathers, and heavy bracelets united by chains.

—The appointment by President Arthur of First-Lieutenant Charles Alfred Booth, First United States Infantry, to fill the position of Captain and Assistant-Quartermaster, as successor to the late Major E. D. Baker, is a step in the line of civil service reform. Captain Booth has served nineteen years in the army—three on the Adjutant-General's staff during the civil war, when he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and sixteen years in the line. During these nineteen years he has had but nine months' leave of absence, six of which were passed in taking a medical degree at the Buffalo University of Medicine; and during the eleven years in which he has acted as Post Quartermaster and Commissary, in addition to his regular duties, not a single error has ever occurred in his money accounts. He is a popular and highly respected officer, whose advancement will be hailed with satisfaction by his comrades.


THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.
SUBMERGED FREIGHT TRAIN.
RESCUING CATTLE.
TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS FOR STEAMERS.
RESCUING PEOPLE IN THE BOTTOMS.
FRONT
CORNER OF FRONT AND WALNUT.

THE GREAT FLOODS—THE INUNDATION OF CINCINNATI.—From Sketches by V. F. H. Farny.—[See Page 123.]



THE LATE RICHARD WAGNER.

THE DEAD COMPOSER.

There is one composition fit above all others to be played over Wagner's grave—the funeral march from the *Götterdämmerung*, that marvellous conception which rises majestically over the obsequies of a hero. For, like Siegfried, Wagner was a hero, the hero who slew the dragon of false art. His iron will was his sword. Petty cavillers, too egotistic themselves to rise to the appreciation of another's greatness, called it egotism.

Wagner was a man with a purpose. Because his purpose was lofty he was a great man. Because he carried it through all opposition he was a brave man. In his early struggles, when he might have prospered by stooping to the arts employed by other musicians around him, he stood sternly by the line of truth. Wagner showed no early indications of genius. His step-father, an artist by the name of Geyer, tried in vain to awaken an interest in painting, and his piano teacher gave him up in despair. At school he was not especially apt at his studies. Altogether he was regarded as an unpromising child. Yet he was busying himself with thoughts of greatness. As a youngster he wrote a tragedy so ferocious in its action that all the *dramatis personæ* were killed off before the last act, and their ghosts were obliged to bring the drama to a close.

After this attempt at dramatic poetry and other literary ventures he was irresistibly attracted toward music. I do not propose going into the details of his life. I simply wish to give an idea of the mighty impress he left on his art. Of his early writings there exist a symphony and a sonata. They are not remarkable as showing any departure from the musical forms of the day. He sent the symphony to Mendelssohn, who took no notice of it. I fancy in after-years Wagner must have observed with a certain grim satisfaction how his music was slowly but surely pushing Mendelssohn's compositions into the background. No modern composer has lost ground so rapidly as Mendelssohn, and no one has contributed to his fall from popular grace so much as Richard Wagner.

Rienzi, Wagner's first opera, is not remarkable for any innovation of form. It is a spectacular opera modelled after Meyerbeer. But it shows already Wagner's powerful grasp of orchestral resources. In its construction it shows throughout the strength of a master's hand. His *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* all show a steady advance toward the new art form which is his chief glory—the music-drama. It is his conception of this, and his indomitable courage in carrying it out, that give him the clearest title to fame.

To formulate the theory of the music-drama required intellect; to carry it out, musical genius. With both of these Wagner was gifted. This peculiar union of powers lifts him immeasurably above Gluck, to whom he has often been compared. It is true that Gluck aimed, like Wagner, at true dramatic expression. But Gluck was content to make the most of old forms, while Wagner, recognizing that he could not possibly rise to the height of strong dramatic situations if hampered by old laws, like every great genius invented laws of his own.

If a man's greatness may be measured by the number of his enemies, then Wagner was very great. Hardly had his tendency made itself felt when opposition began to develop itself on all sides. No advance has ever been made in art without a struggle. But Wagner's enemies were unusually virulent. Not content with vilifying his character, they even questioned the sincerity of his artistic purpose. On the other hand, there arose a band of young musicians and critics burning to join the master in the new crusade.

Wagner found the opera a succession of levels of dull recitative, relieved here and there by arias, which, as a rule, bore no special relation to the text, and simply furnished singers with an opportunity to display their skill. Interpretative talent was overpowering creative genius. He saw at once that the true opera would be that in which the music would give the exact dramatic meaning of the text and situation. For such an opera a fine drama was as necessary as fine music. Voltaire's remark, "What is too stupid to be spoken is sung," was no longer to hold true.

Wagner accomplished this by a simple process. He originated the *Leitmotiv*, or leading motive. In his music-drama each character and the prevailing moral ideas were denoted by motives. His musical genius enabled him to develop these themes, and so combine them that the music reflects all the varied life and action of the stage.

Unable to have these works performed, as no manager was willing to take the risk involved, Wagner gave the most remarkable proof of his power. By the sheer force of his genius he infused the ranks of his followers with an enthusiasm which ended in the erection of a theatre for the production of his new works.

It was at Baireuth—a little German provincial town far off the regular line of travel—that his music-dramas were produced. It became at once a place of pilgrimage for musicians. Here he produced the *Nibelungen* cycle in 1876, and achieved a triumph of principle over prejudice. He followed it last summer with a still greater triumph when he produced *Parsifal*.

He was full of life and energy then. The performance as well as the work bore the impress of his genius. He personally superintended the arduous rehearsals, gave the minutest directions in regard to the *mise en scène*, and instructed the artists in the execution of the music and the stage business. Everything pertaining to the representation was devised by him. It was as near perfection as a performance can be. The orchestra and singers were inspired by the composer's presence to unusual exertions. He was held in reverence by singers and musicians. A singer even of Materna's celebrity did not dare to protest against an order from him. The public looked upon him with awe. He moved among the people like a superior being. When he passed through the streets all greeted him as if he were the ruler of the land.

Of his personal foibles, which were many, it is meet that nothing should be said. History deals lightly with the weaknesses of great men, and so compensates them for their courage and devotion to the cause in which they have become great. It is impossible now to estimate the vastness of Wagner's genius. He is the greatest musician the world has seen up to this time. His fame will grow and grow in the centuries to come, until in the dim future some dried-up German professor may write a book to prove, as they have endeavored to prove of Homer, that he never lived at all, and that the story of his life is a myth.

Gustav Kobbé.

SAVANNAH.

The Savannah *Morning News* of February 13 comes to us with a quaint and interesting *fac-simile* of an old print of the settlement of Savannah as it was laid out by General Oglethorpe and General Bull a hundred and fifty years ago. The village, comprising about ninety small buildings, was laid out in an oblong clearing, the front resting on a high and steep bluff, up which led a flight of broad steps. According to the print only eight trees were left to afford shade from the sun. Three small ships and a number of boats lie in the water at the foot of the bluff, and a gang of laborers are hauling goods up the incline.

Such was the plain beginning of what is now the beautiful and flourishing city of Savannah, whose sesquicentennial has just been celebrated with great splendor and general rejoicing. The city was resplendent with banners, the air was filled with the music of bands, and the streets were thronged with citizens and visitors. The morning of the 12th inst. was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns, a grand peal of 150 strokes from all the bells in the city. The forenoon was taken up with a fine military parade, a grand civic and military procession, and a meeting in the Opera-house, where Governor Stephens delivered an eloquent and masterly oration; and a spirited and beautiful ode, composed for the occasion by Mr. Paul H. Hayne, was recited by General Henry R. Jackson, the poet himself being in too feeble health to undertake the task.

In the afternoon took place a representation of the first landing of General Oglethorpe and his welcome by the Yamacraw Indians. The pageant was well arranged, and executed without any of those disagreeable mishaps which frequently mar such undertakings. On the following day there was a grand trades display, with one hundred floats in line, and a procession of civic societies. The celebration was a great success in every aspect, and one of which the city and the State may well feel proud.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

BETTER FRIENDS.

It was a strange scene in the old house, a strange meeting between two women more than commonly strange in themselves. The red sun had sunk behind the farm, and the low-ceilinged room was full of shadows; the housekeeper's figure bending over the bed wherein lay Hester Brake seemed steeped in blackness and ominous of evil. But they were not words of evil or menace which escaped Mrs. Chadderton at that time, and they were trembling lips through which they stole.

"I am to see you no more; I am to go from you. You feel I am not worthy in any way to stand in the sight of a good woman," said the housekeeper, speaking very hurriedly; "and so be it, madam. It is just enough. I have not a word to say against it. I have been very bad. I should not be much better now if turned away from this place. But vile as I have been, and I am, let me say, with all my soul, God bless you! God take you in His keeping when your time comes!"

One hand of Hester Brake's lay outside the coverlet, and Mrs. Chadderton stooped and kissed it, and left hot tears upon it, before she hastily brushed them away with her own hard hand.

"Why should you bless me?" said Hester, wonderingly. "What have I done?"

"You do not know? You have never guessed?" was the quick inquiry.

"I have never guessed."

"Oh, then, I am glad to tell you, if you will let me. I am glad to thank you—would be glad to die for you, as I told the parson down-stairs, if I could only change places here. For," she added, "you have taken care of Kitty, watched over her, trained her, made her the good girl she is, and—I am Kitty's mother!"

She bowed her head so low that it was buried in the pillow of the bed, which shook for a moment with her strong emotion. The hand of the sick woman had great difficulty in resting on the thick gray hair of the housekeeper, but it stole there in sympathy with her grief, in token of a better feeling for her.

"Courage, Mrs. Chadderton," said Hester. "I did not know anything of this."

"How should you?" was the rejoinder, as the speaker recovered herself, and stood back a little from the invalid.

"Does John Woodhatch?"

"Yes."

"And Kitty herself?"

"Oh, no, no; she will never know it," exclaimed Mrs. Chadderton. "She must never know it now. I am not fit for her in any way."

"She would be glad to learn the truth," said Hester; "it would be a new beginning to her life when I am gone."

"Madam, do not speak of it."

"Very well."

"Leave Kitty to me, to the master of this house," said the housekeeper. "Should it seem best at any time to tell her, it is my right; and on my knees, and in my own poor way, will I confess it. And," she continued, "that time may never come—may forever lie back from me, like heaven, or something I dare never dream of."

"Being so very bad, you mean?" inquired Hester, faintly.

"Being so much in her way as I should be," replied Ann Chadderton; "and as I never will be, so help my God! I deserted her when she was a child; when I would have gone back I was locked up in prison away from her; and when I was free she was in vile hands and beyond my power, till *he* found me out, and saved her for me."

"John Woodhatch?"

"Yes, the master."

"Yes, the master," repeated Miss Brake, "whom you will always serve faithfully?"

"You need not ask me that," said the housekeeper.

"No. Only remember *that*. For there is trouble coming, and he will need his friends about him."

"I will leave you, madam," said Mrs. Chadderton, after pausing for a moment as if to consider the meaning of the sick woman's warning; "and for your kind words, my thanks. Let me say I am sorry you disliked me, for you were to me the savior of my child, the teacher to her of what was right when she had only known the wrong. I thank you, Miss Brake, for all."

She was withdrawing very quickly and noiselessly, when Hester's sharp voice said, "Stay!"

Mrs. Chadderton was motionless again at this command.

"Shall I tell you why I did not like you?" said the weak voice from the bed.

"If you please."

"Would you care to know?"

"I should have been glad to know when you first came here, for I would have tried to alter," was the answer; "now it does not matter. You have let me speak to you; and you have spoken kindly in return; I will not weary you by stopping longer. I will say God bless you, and go."

"One moment. We may not meet again here; or we may at the judgment, you and I."

"We may."

"I will tell you why, from the first, I have suspected you."

Mrs. Chadderton waited, with her thin hands clasped together.

"For years you have known who killed my brother Morris; for years you have not made one single step to proclaim the murderer," said Miss Brake; and for an instant it seemed as if there were a new strength in her, and she had power to raise herself in bed to make this accusation.

"I have not known," replied the housekeeper; "I—I only thought I knew."

"You were sitting up that night; you were waiting for some one to return to the farm—you were expecting some one who came later on," said Miss Brake.

Mrs. Chadderton nodded gravely.

"It is quite true," she said. "Who has told you?"

"The old man who died at the cottages beyond the farm—Spikins."

"A terrible man!" muttered Mrs. Chadderton, "whom no kindness ever softened or pity touched. He knew, then?"

"Yes."

"He never said a word to me."

"He suspected you as well."

"He suspected everybody," was the moody answer; "it was his nature. But he was not at the farm that night."

"He was down at Skegs Shore near the parson's house late in the night; and he saw my brother murdered."

"Don't tell me any more; I do not wish to hear it. I will not be a witness against any living man to this!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "*He* never had a hand in it: I will take his word before them all."

"Whose word?"

Mrs. Chadderton was on her guard at once. She had not trusted many people in her life, and even this helpless woman should not know that she had ever thought John Woodhatch had killed Morris Brake. Something might come even of that.

Hester looked hard at the housekeeper—a shadowy figure, with the dying light of day for a background to her; but it was not possible to see her face, or guess the trouble on it.

"You thought John Woodhatch killed him, perhaps," said the low voice from the bed; and Mrs. Chadderton started at this suggestion.

"Forgive me, madam; but I will not speak of it."

"Had he killed my brother, you would not have betrayed him?" was the curious inquiry.

"No, I would not," the housekeeper answered, readily.

"Yes, you are faithful," murmured Hester; "and poor John will not lack a trusty servant whilst you live. But he did not kill my brother."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Chadderton. "I—I mean Heaven knows he did not."

"Thank Heaven, too," said Hester. "It would shatter every hope in human worth or man's repentance to have such ill brought home to him. Go now, please."

The housekeeper passed from the room without another word, and some distance down the corridor she met Lucy Brake advancing.

"Is she sleeping still?" asked Lucy, anxiously, as they approached each other.

"No, she is awake," was the reply.

"And at rest?"

"The rest to Hester Brake will not come in this life," muttered the housekeeper, as she passed on.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RETURN OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Meanwhile Greg Dorward pursued his master's business and the even tenor of his way. The tragedy at Farm Forlorn—the grand, old, awful tragedy of death—was close at hand, but he was, to all outward seeming, only a calm spectator of its advance. He sat on the back benches, patient and watchful, one of a crowd, as it were, removed from active participation in the scenes and characters of a busy drama, but none the less he was deeply interested in its progress, and wondered not a little how it would end, and in what way it would affect him. There had been many changes of late, and he had been affected by them already; his whole life had been changed, for that matter, and the current of his thoughts had drifted him into a new channel, and would have been strong and deep enough to whirl him away had he been a weaker man.

But time had made of this reformatory waif a man of iron nerve, one who could disguise his anxieties, subdue his emotions, and be to most folk who encountered him a grave, business-like, every-day fellow, with nothing on his mind to trouble him. Perhaps his early training, his callousness, born of the neglect, ill treatment, crime, he had encountered, was responsible for this accomplishment; for an enviable accomplishment it is when one's way in life is not as straight or free from pitfalls as it should be, and there is more to meet on the road than simple-minded people dream, or honest souls suspect.

But the world had changed with Greg, and for the worse. He was sure it was for the worse, though no one had much to say about it, or comment upon it. He had loved one woman, and been rejected by another whom he only loved a little, and after a fashion of his own, and there was a third woman, sick unto death, who had brought this change to pass. They were all very silent about the house-place, even Kitty, who seemed to think but little of him, and let him go his way, as though the end had come of any interest in that future which he had sketched out with so firm a hand for himself.

But he knew the end had not come, and that there was more to follow. No one better than he knew this, unless it was John Woodhatch or Hester Brake. And what would follow must affect the master's future as well as his own, and Greg Dorward must be prepared, if possible, for change, even for revolution.

And he in his self-confidence—which was immeasurable—thought he was prepared, and bided the time which was approaching. The storm would come, but he would weather it: it would affect other lives more than his own, and so much the worse for other lives, his being strong and storm-proof. What would be the end of it he did not know; he would have been more content if he could have guessed, but in whatever way the mystery worked itself out, he was sure—almost sure—that harm, moral or material, would not remain with him.

He won the approbation of John Woodhatch at this juncture by attending strictly to business, and not leaving a stone unturned which would result in an advantage to his principal. He put, as John Woodhatch considered, his love troubles completely on one side, and allowed them not to disturb him at the markets or on the farm lands; he was content to wait, and he had not a word to say against his ill luck—just the character which John Woodhatch admired, and had always admired, as Greg Dorward knew as well as he.

Still, despite the equanimity or the false equanimity of Greg, there were various matters to perplex him. One question in particular came uppermost more often than he could wish. What was to become of this Tolland's Farm, which had been bought and stocked by John Woodhatch, so that two young persons might begin life together? They had been summarily set apart, but the patron thought that all would come right in time, and though Greg helped him to this impression, it was not the conviction of the younger man. Greg had taken Kitty's decision as final. He knew Kitty better than the rest of them; he was, even in his heart, a little afraid of her, and of any strange turn which she might make at any moment, confusing, perhaps confounding, that future of his own which he had sketched.

He was not fond of Farm Forlorn at this period; he was glad when business took him away from it, and sent him galloping across the country, for on horseback he was at his best, and troubled less by his own surmises. He did not even care to see Lucy; she reminded him of his one folly, of the poor ambition which had come to nothing, and disturbed him more than most things. He preferred meeting Kitty to facing Lucy Brake now; although grave and thoughtful, she was good friends with him, to show it was not jealousy which had led her to cancel the engagement; but, as we have intimated, he was a little afraid of Kitty, and in what way she might act. She had parted with him for his own sake, so that his existence might be brighter and clearer, without the little black speck of her presence upon it, and in his heart he should be grateful for the sacrifice, and hoped he was, doubting even now if Kitty Vanch had acted for the best; if it was really for the best that this faithful friend—this "old pal" from the streets who had always stuck to him—should shrink from becoming his wife, and prefer any life to life with him. Was she far-seeing too—more far-seeing than himself even—and knew too well, and by a strange foreknowledge, how it would end?

Every time that Greg returned to Farm Forlorn he expected to find the white blinds drawn down before the windows, significant of one more "poor sister" passed away; but day followed day without much change, without much news, save that Hester was slowly sinking, and might die at any moment, according to the doctor's prophecy. Greg did not own it, but there was a feeling of disappointment at times when he came round the bend of the road and saw the windows bright and open still, and all as he had left it in the morning; the waiting was long, and real life could not begin for any of them at the farm till Miss Brake was dead—and die she would not in a hurry to oblige Greg Dorward, that seemed pretty evident.

The end was nearer than he fancied, however, and one Friday—an unlucky Friday!—when he came at a swift pace on horseback once more to the old quarters the sands were filtering but a few more grains through the frail glass of life. At the farm-house gate he was met by a surprise. Prepared for a great many things, he had not been prepared for this; and it was like a warning to him not to reckon too implicitly on the course which the current might take, when the banks were broken and the torrent dashing through.

It was a minor surprise, but it set Greg Dorward thinking—the surprise of the appearance of Reuben Fladge, standing there, with his hands in his pockets and the old grin upon his face, as though he had never been dismissed from Farm Forlorn for working in the dark against its master; as though his wild, nomadic life afterward had been a dream; as though he had never been set to mind Tolland's Farm after Spikins's death.

"Fladge!" he exclaimed, as he leaped from the saddle, and his old companion reached out his big hand toward the bridle of the horse. "What has brought you here?"

"Master sent for me this morning."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"From Tolland's Farm?"

"Ay, that's it;" and Fladge threw his head back and laughed in his old manner again.

This half-witted fellow had gone back five years of his life surely. Never did those years seem more like a bad dream to Fladge than with himself at Skegs Shore again, and at his post. Never in all his life had he felt more proud and happy, and inclined to roar with laughter at his happiness, and then break down like a blubbering school-boy, being confused and distraught, and not realizing the new position yet.

"Has anything happened?" Greg inquired.

"No. He wanted me, and here I am. Ho! ho!"

"And how long are you to remain, Fladge? How will you get back to Tolland's to-night?" asked Greg.

"I'm not going back no more," cried Fladge; "I'm here for good! He takes me back without a word—without a hard word to say again me; jest as I was when you were no more than a kid. Think of that!"

"I am thinking of it," replied Greg, slowly.

"They said," remarked Fladge, dropping his voice into a husky whisper, as they passed into the stable-yard, "that the master never forgave; but he does! he does! he does! Look at me, Mr. Greg! Just see!"

"Yes, but don't make that infernal noise," cried Greg.

"I can't help it," answered Fladge; "I'm not settled down. When he sent word I was to come, I thought I should have gone clean raving mad for joy. Only to fancy I'm back again!" he cried, as he led Greg's horse into the stable, where Greg followed him, still anxious for a clearer light upon the case.

"Did he say why he wanted you?" inquired Greg.

"No."

"Have you asked him to come back?"

"I durstn't," said Fladge. "I thought it was settled clean I shouldn't be in this house again; that he never, never would do anything but hate me. I didn't expect it, Master Greg—I didn't for a blessed moment even."

"I suppose not."

"He thought I killed Morris Brake. He thought the very worst of me."

"He did."

"And isn't it like the five years back too, now? Lord's sakes! it's awful like. Ho! ho! ho!" Fladge cried. "And the parson and his daughter in the house, jest as it was; all but Morris. He can't come back—no more."

"Do you wish he could, Fladge?"

"Yes."

"So do I."

And then Greg Dorward walked away, and left this new prodigal to attend to his horse, and exult by himself at the great change.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT LAST.

When Greg entered the farm parlor he found the occupants were Lucy Brake, her father, and Kitty. They were sitting very grave and silent, as if waiting for something, or some one; the tea things were on the table, and an urn smoking there; perhaps they were only waiting tea for John Woodhatch.

Were Greg's nerves quite so completely at his own command that day, or was he more than usually acute, to fancy there was a difference in their looks and manners which was foreign to their ordinary moods?

There were no books or work about; the three inmates of the parlor were simply sitting still that afternoon, and with faces which had a story to tell.

"Good-afternoon," he said. "How is Miss Brake?"

"Miss Brake is warse," answered Mr. Larcom, for the trio; "much warse."

"That is bad news," said Greg. Then he glanced toward Kitty, whom he thought it strange also to find sitting there, who surely should have been by her mistress's side in the last awful hour when the night closes in for humanity, and the stars only shine.

"Yes, it is bad news," replied Kitty, as she met his glance; and then her lips quivered, and she was silent.

"Has Mr. Woodhatch been sent for?" asked Greg.

"He has not left the hoose-place to-day," Mr. Larcom answered; "not stirred a foot from the farm."

"Where is he, then?" asked Greg, anxiously.

"Oh! upstairs with her. She will have no one else, see no one else, allow no human being to come within fifty yards of her room," said Mr. Larcom, techily; "not even a meenester of the Garspel, who would be of no small sarveece to her posseebly at such a time as this."

"Where are the doctors?" asked Greg, as if the idea had struck him suddenly that the doctors might be of more service to Miss Brake in the present emergency than Alec Larcom or John Woodhatch. But this was not in his thoughts, although the Methodist thought it was, and scowled at him from under his shaggy gray brows.

"They've gone," cried Kitty; "oh! they have given her up—they can do no more; the only friend I have ever had is lost to me."

"Ye've lots of freends, Kitty," muttered Mr. Larcom; but Kitty shrugged her shoulders as though that remark was open to question, had she been disposed to argue with him. Greg meanwhile had sat down apart from the rest, with his face averted from them, and his gaze directed to the fire-place, where some paper-work from Kitty Vanch's deft fingers was displayed by way of summer decoration.

"Mr. Woodhatch has known Miss Brake a great many years, has he not?" Greg asked, after a short silence.

"A great many," answered Lucy.

"She will leave him all her money, then," said Greg, with a short, hard laugh, as strangely out of place as his remark, which certainly staggered Mr. Larcom by its suddenness.

"Do ye think that, Greg? What's put that notion into your head?" he inquired. "Have ye heard anything, now, aboot it?"

"I don't know anything," was the absent answer.

"John's rich enough without her money. And what he has he does not make good use of," said Mr. Larcom; "he wastes an awful heap of it on people who don't desarve it. He always did."

"He wastes it on the vile and criminal, you mean," replied Greg, half absently still, but with a ring of bitter satire in his words—"on those who reward his efforts for their good by sinking deeper into evil; who, for the blessing he would bring to them, give back a curse. Like Kitty and me!"

"No, no," cried Kitty. She had risen, and was standing by the door, to which she had crossed when arrested by Greg's words. "That is not true. I bring no curse to him."

"Ay, but there's some truth in what Greg says," remarked Mr. Larcom, "and that is what I implied in part—not meaning ye or Kitty, though. God forbeed!"

"We are the bright examples," muttered Greg; "that is very evident."

"I'm sure ye are," said Mr. Larcom: "I was not thinking of either of ye two; don't fancy it. I'm not quite a brute, Greg Dorward."

"I am glad to hear it."

Mr. Larcom came to Greg's side, and put his red hand on his shoulder.

"What's come to ye, Greg, to-day?" he asked. "Ye are not often like this."

"I don't know," answered Greg, more graciously: "I am tired and out of temper. Don't mind me, Mr. Larcom."

Kitty listened to his reply, and then went out of the room. Lucy looked from him to her father, but did not intrude upon their conversation.

"I have offended ye, Greg," Mr. Larcom continued; "and though I say hard words, I don't go out of my way to give any man offanse. It is not the priveleege of my office."

"It shouldn't be," said Greg.

"It is not."

Greg stared harder than ever at Kitty's fire ornament as he said, "Whom were you thinking of when you said Mr. Woodhatch wasted his money?"

"I was thinking of one or two who have gone away from here in John Woodhatch's time and mine," replied the parson.

"Were you thinking of Spikins for one?"

"No. Though he was not a good sparcemen, I take it."

"A man who died with a lie in his mouth, Fladge tells me," said Greg; "but then Fladge is a strange beast too."

"He came here this afternoon. He has returned for good," commented Mr. Larcom.

"For good!" echoed Greg; "yes, he says so."

The door opened again, and he looked round with a start, as though his nerves *were* unstrung that evening. It was Kitty who re-entered, and to whom Lucy cried,

"How is she now? Will she see me?"

"Not yet," answered Kitty.

"Is Mr. Woodhatch with her still?" asked the parson.

"Yes; he is writing to her dictation, I think; and he reads at times to her what he has written," answered Kitty, whose face was very white and rigid, as though the near approach of death had scared her. Greg, looking keenly at her, saw this; Lucy and her father had only glanced in her direction.

"She's making another will," almost moaned Mr. Larcom, "and taking no one's adveece but John's, but a more unpractical man does not exeest on mortal earth. Now if—"

"Kitty, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lucy, springing up with a half scream, as Kitty reeled slightly, and put her hand against the wall to save herself from falling.

"Nothing—nothing," answered the girl; "I shall be better in a minute. It is so close at hand!"

"It is our common inheritance," muttered Mr. Larcom, like a man repeating mechanically one of the stock phrases of his calling; "we have no need to be afraid."

The door opened again sharply, and once more Greg Dorward started and looked over his shoulder toward the new-comer rather than at the old sweetheart, who had been alarmed at the oncoming of God's messenger. This time it was Mrs. Chadderton who entered, with an addition to the tea equipage. She was at Kitty's side at once, and looking steadfastly into her face.

"You are not well, Miss Vanch," she said.

"No—yes, thank you; I shall be better in a minute," answered Kitty.

"You have been too constant in your attention to your mistress; you have worn yourself out," said Mrs. Chadderton; "and—and if you will allow me to say so—"

"I am very strong," answered Kitty.

"How is Miss Brake now?" asked the housekeeper.

"Worse. She is raving mad again," said Kitty, with a shudder.

"Poor lady! Was she ever very sane, I wonder?" said Greg Dorward. "I should be glad to see her, if I might be permitted at the last."

"God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers," a great writer has told us before this, and with a suddenness that was remarkable, a maid-servant of the farm opened the door immediately the words had escaped Greg, and said,

"If you please, Mr. Woodhatch wishes to know if Mr. Dorward has come back?"

"Did you not tell him?" asked Greg of Kitty.

"No," was the slow reply.

"Yes, I am back, you see," he said, spreading his hands before the fire-place, as though a fire was there and he was cold.

"Will you please to step upstairs, Mr. Dorward?"

"Upstairs," said Greg, rising to his feet; "certainly. Does Mr. Woodhatch wish to see me?"

"Miss Brake wishes to see you, sir."

"Indeed!"

He straightened himself as though cramped by sitting in one attitude so long, and looked from Alec Larcom to his daughter Lucy, thence to Mrs. Chadderton and her unacknowledged daughter Kitty, dwelling longest on the last face, as if endeavoring to read there something which was written for his behoof alone, unless the big dark eyes deceived him very much. After this he went steadily out of the room, and Kitty followed him, despite her new weakness, and a hand that had been suddenly put forth to restrain her by Mrs. Chadderton.

"Greg! Greg!" she exclaimed, in the corridor, and in an excited whisper, "don't go upstairs to-night!"

He stopped, and looked hard into her face.

"Why do you ask me not to go?"

"For your own sake."

"I have seen women die before," he answered. "It is not the first time, Kitty, in our lives that we have seen the dead or dying. They went off pretty quickly at Bolter's Rents. Didn't they, girl?"

"Why do you speak of Bolter's Rents to-night?"

"I am so close to them," he answered.

"No, no!—God forbid!"

"Very close," he added, as he moved on with Kitty's hold upon his arm.

"You *will* go, then?"

"Yes: what have I to fear?"

"Everything. Be on your guard, my poor Greg, for God's sake!"

Then Kitty left him—went with a rush and a stifled cry away from him, and he looked after her in a stupefied way for an instant before resuming his progress upstairs. As the daylight fell upon him from the windows of the corridor it seemed a sad face enough, with a new resolve upon it, which gathered strength with every step he took. He did not falter in any way, but went on steadily to the door of the sick-room. Here he knocked and waited, listening to the heavy footsteps of John Woodhatch crossing the room to admit him. The door opened, and the master of Farm Forlorn stood in the entry, looking as stern and grave as he who stood on the threshold for admittance.

"You sent for me, Mr. Woodhatch," said Greg.

"Miss Brake did, not I," answered Woodhatch. "You do not mind seeing her?"

"No. I have been saying down-stairs that I should be glad to see her once more in this life."

"Come in, then."

John Woodhatch put out his strong hand and took Greg Dorward by the wrist, and, after closing the door behind him, led him into the room, like a little child who might not know his way, or who wanted guidance terribly, or who he fancied might break from him and run shrieking from the house did he not hold him fast. Strange it was, the action; stranger still that at that moment it should have reminded Greg of the old days when John Woodhatch brought him from the Reformatory at Fretwell's into the sunshine beyond his prison-school and went with him on the road to Farm Forlorn.

They crossed the room together—they faced a thin, ghastly figure propped up by cushions in the bed, a woman with deep, dark rings underneath her eyes, which were large and black and lustrous, and with the dread seal of coming death upon her.

"Hester, he has come."

"I see," she whispered back; "now ask him."

"Now?"

"Yes—at once."

"Greg," said John Woodhatch, in a deep, hoarse voice, "this poor dying woman charges you with the murder of her brother Morris. Is that true?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Some sixteen hundred years ago to-day poor Bishop Valentine was beaten to death with clubs. No good reason has ever been offered for what may well be called this somewhat harsh treatment of an elderly prelate, but that his crime was considered insignificant as compared with his punishment may be inferred from the fact that Mother Church has consecrated the 14th of February to his memory. On the other hand, it would be casting a cruel reflection upon all the persons who assisted at his death to suppose that they thumped the old Bishop for no reason whatever, like the little boys who appear in police courts for thumping a cat "just because it was there." It is contrary to common-sense to suppose that grown-up people would beat a bishop for the mere fun of the thing. It is at any rate more charitable to conjecture that he had in some way or other aroused local prejudice against himself, and, for myself, I am quite ready to accept proof that he was put to death for having objected to his parishioners sending valentines. If this was really the case—and there is no evidence to prove that it was not—it is easy enough to understand how warmly the pastoral and bucolic mind of those times would take up the question, and the whole scene of the outrage is at once presented to the imagination.

The swains of the neighborhood, leaving their dogs to tend their simple flocks under the hawthorns in the dales, had no doubt come into the town for the day to see their sweethearts, and there hearing for the first time of the somewhat prudish order that had gone forth from the episcopal chair, were talking the matter over with something of that foolish ardor incidental to youth, especially at spring-time, when, as bad luck would have it, the old Bishop happened to come along. A glance at the prelate was sufficient to show that he, at any rate, had received no valentines for many a long year past, and if there is one thing more than another which inflames youth, it is that dog-in-the-mangerish spirit that sometimes prompts old age to forbid the young to frolic. The rest of the story is soon told. The Bishop, suspecting mischief from the angry looks of the knot of shepherd youths and their menacing gestures with their crooks, turned into a side way, and gradually quickening his steps, at last set off to run to his residence as hard as he could go. This was too much for the lads, who, with a whoop and a halloo, burst at once into chase. They soon overtook Dr. Valentine, and each sweetheart as he passed by gave him a thump with his crook, and one thump being unfortunately harder than the rest, it killed him.

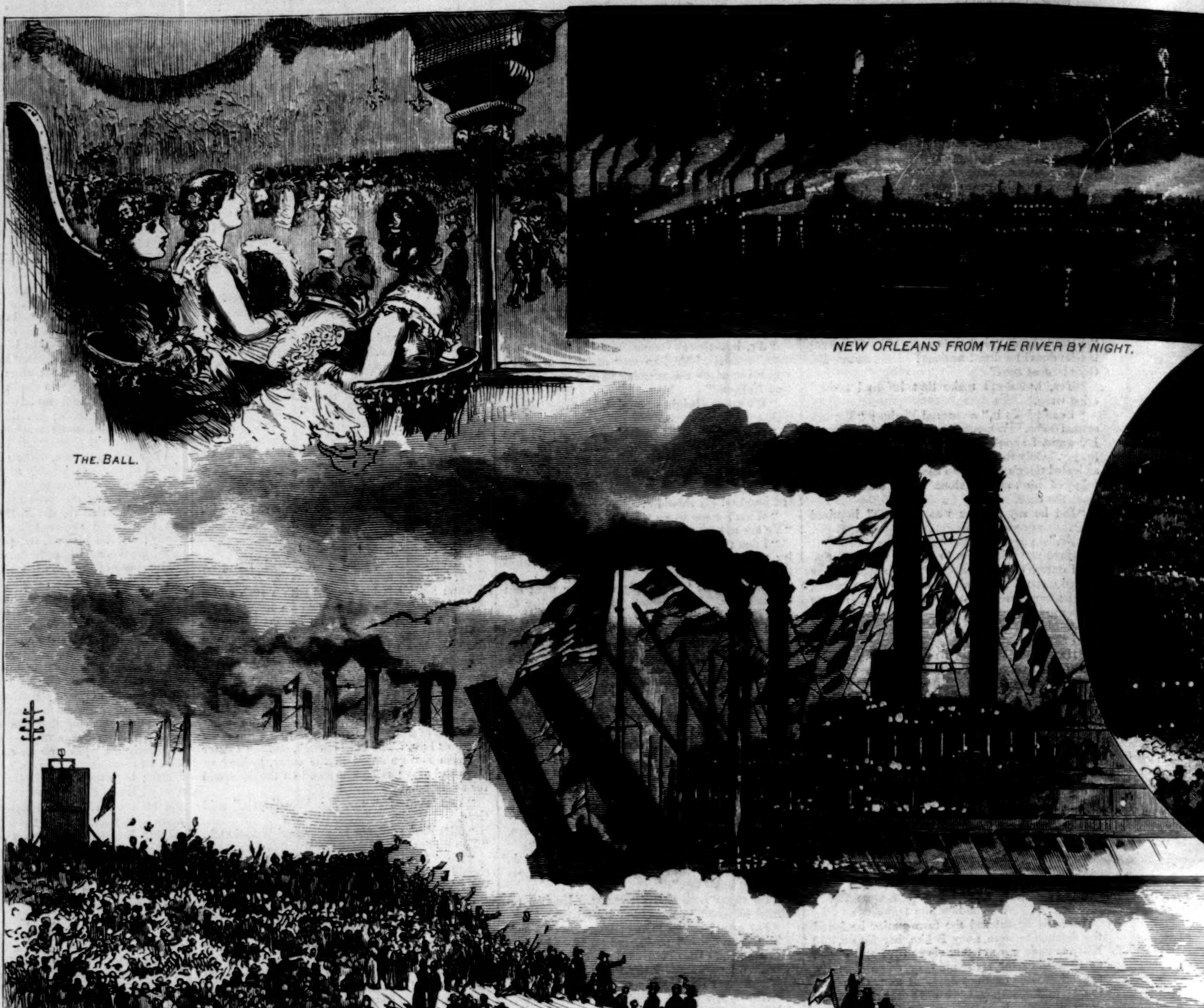
The rumor soon got abroad that the Bishop had been clubbed to death in his own front garden by a gang of ruffians from the hills, and all the girls of the place being interested in keeping the real facts a secret, the true story never came out. The sad event cast, no doubt, a gloom—as the newspapers of the day said—over a large circle of sorrowing friends; but the Bishop who succeeded to the diocese rescinded the obnoxious order, and it has never again been repeated.

I can not, of course, undertake to carry on the thread of episcopal history to our own days, and so it must suffice here to say that in the lapse of years so utterly obscured did the facts of the past become that the old Bishop's name actually got transferred to love-tokens and lovers generally; and he himself, the poor, honest, strait-laced gentleman, has come down to us as the very high-priest of Love. Such are the revenges which the whirligig of time brings round!

Fashion in valentines, however, changes, as in everything else. Only a few years ago these pretty billets-doux were becoming "vulgar," and indeed in a very modern work the 14th of February is described as a "degenerated festival" upon which "jocular anonymous letters are sent to persons one wishes to quiz, and these chiefly by the humbler classes. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good." If the writer of such impiety had himself received a "jocular anonymous letter" of the kind he mentions, we can understand some of his spleen; but even such a libel upon the great festival of lovers deserved all the wrath of Hymen and his court, and their retribution. But a few years have worked a great change, and each succeeding February has seen the tributes of the devotees of Cupid increasing in artistic beauty and in intrinsic costliness, so it may be that the Court of Love has now overlooked the slight that was once put upon its annual festival. It would, indeed, be an exacting deity that was not mollified by the extraordinary sacrifice now offered at the shrine of youthful love; for nowadays what could be more beautiful than the little miracles of art which fill the shop windows with a butterfly burst of colors—ephemeral trifles too dainty almost to be moved from the box in which they nestle? Cupid might well be proud of his triumph as he surveys these parterres of affectionate souvenirs—spring blossoms that have suddenly come out full blown in a night, and as pretty in their exquisite imitation of nature, whether in shape, or scent, or hue, as the real hyacinths and cyclamens, lilies-of-the-valley and snow-drops, now to be found in the florists' windows. Flowers, of course, have always had and still retain the preference in emblems for the conveyance of love-tokens; but modern art has ransacked nature in every corner, and there is hardly anything either beautiful or curious known to science that has not been impressed into the service of the sweetheart. Poetry and prose have alike been rifled for tender sentiments, and thus on the same sheet the wealthy wooer may send the gems of nature illustrated by gems of fancy to plead his cause. But the genuine valentine should be nothing more than a daintily emblazoned expression of affection. Sweethearts—the prettiest word in the English language—should need no more substantial token of each other's devotion than gilded vows on lace paper, decked out with love-knots and all the other mystic symbols of the love-god's power; and yet, as if love were not all-sufficing for lovers, the Prince of Hearts is nowadays affronted with offerings of solid worth and of practical utility. Tradesmen, trading upon the affections, freight their valentines with articles of the toilet and the dress, and degenerate lovers, hopeless of making bright eyes brighter by the mere expression of their love, try to bribe them to sparkle with presents!

Sweethearts fortunately are always young, and so the valentine that asks to be treasured only for what it means, and not to be valued for what it gives, will ever be in abundant demand. For sweet seventeen, looking like Walpole's widowed turtle-dove, "so allicholy as anything" over the sheet of transfixed hearts and interlacing mottoes, will always be among us to carry on the traditions of the 14th from generation to generation. It would, indeed, be a pity if Valentine's Day became, as New-Year's has already become, a tax upon friendship and relations, and instead of the innocent interchange of sentiments between the unmarried, relapsed into the serious duties of the valentining of Pepys's days, when all the children and ladies of London waylaid their bachelor acquaintances and well-to-do relations and robbed them of presents. Yet though the signs of such a relapse seem somewhat threatening, and shop windows are dressed out rather to tempt the purse than to flatter Cupid, there is always room for hope so long as there are girls.

Phil Robinson.



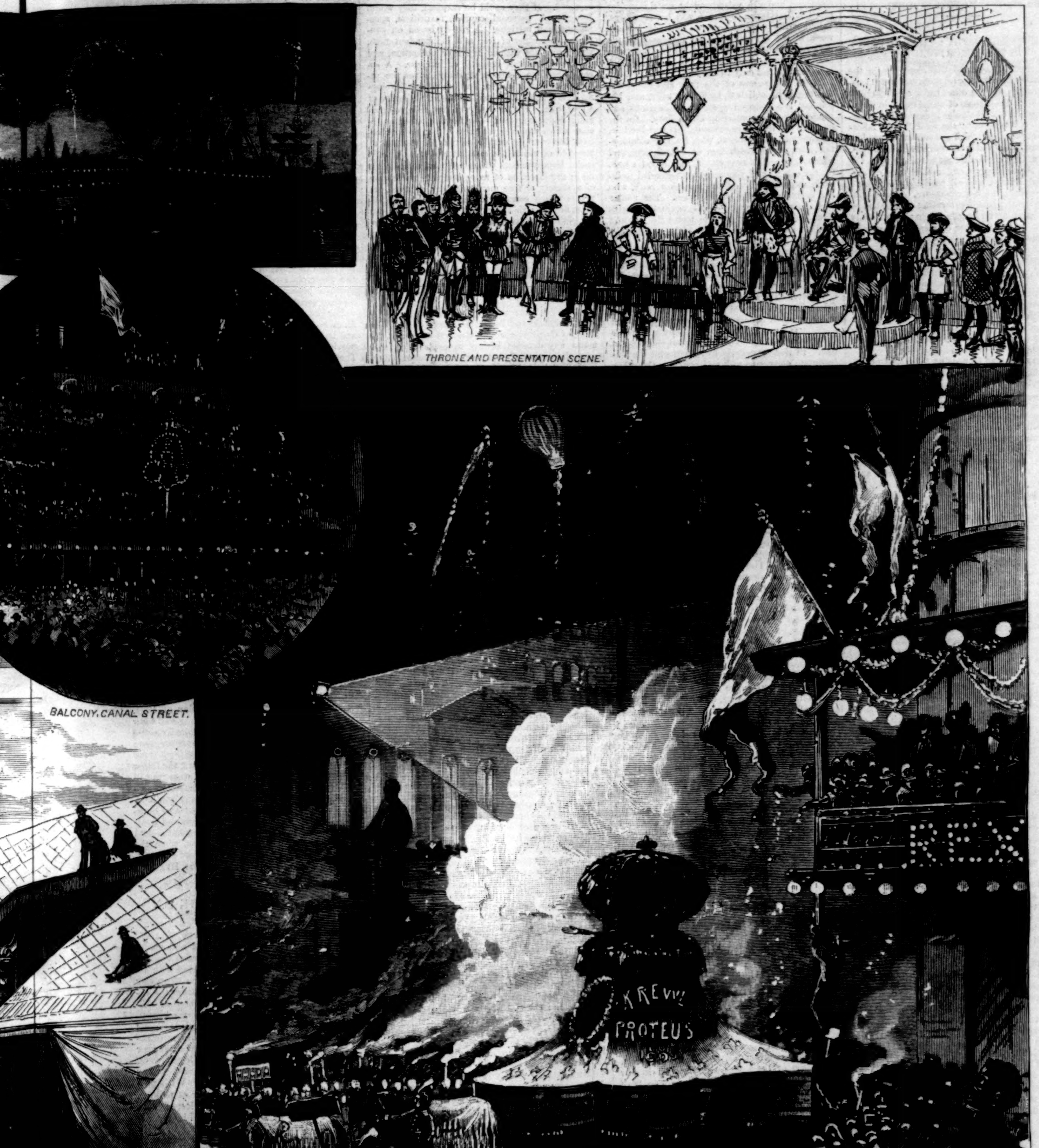
THE BALL.

NEW ORLEANS FROM THE RIVER BY NIGHT.

CROWD AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KING REX, AT THE LEVEE.

FORMING THE PROCESSION.

NEW ORLEANS IN CARNIVAL GARB.


KREWE
PROTEUS
REX

THRONE AND PRESENTATION SCENE.

BALCONY, CANAL STREET.

CARNIVAL NIGHT THE PROCESSION.

RB.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 122.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

I.

ON A NEW PHILOSOPHY: THAT POVERTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

It is commonly asserted that there are in the United States no classes, and any allusion to classes is resented. On the other hand, we constantly read and hear discussions of social topics in which the existence of social classes is assumed as a simple fact. "The poor," "the weak," "the laborers," are expressions which are constantly used as if they had exact and well-understood definition. Discussions are constantly made to bear upon the assumed rights, wrongs, and misfortunes of certain social classes, and all public speaking and writing consists, in a large measure, of the discussion of general plans for meeting the wishes of classes of people who have not been able to satisfy their own desires. These classes are sometimes discontented, and sometimes not. Sometimes they do not know that anything is amiss with them until the "friends of humanity" come to them with offers of aid. Sometimes they are discontented and envious. They do not take their achievements as a fair measure of their rights. They do not blame themselves or their parents for their lot, as compared with that of other people. They raise claims against society, and they find orators, poets, and essayists to assure them that they have grievances.

It is very popular to pose as a "friend of humanity," or a "friend of the working classes." The character, however, is quite exotic in the United States. It is borrowed from England, where some men, otherwise of small account, have assumed it with great success and advantage. Anything which has a charitable sound and a kind-hearted tone passes without investigation generally, because it is disagreeable to assail it. Sermons, essays, and orations assume a conventional standpoint with regard to the poor, the weak, etc., and it is allowed to pass as an unquestioned doctrine in regard to social classes that "the rich" ought to "care for the poor," that churches especially ought to collect capital from the rich and spend it for the poor, that parishes ought to be clusters of institutions by means of which one social class should perform its duties to another, and that clergymen, economists, and social philosophers have a technical and professional duty to devise schemes for "helping the poor." The preaching in England used all to be done to the poor—that they ought to be contented with their lot and respectful to their betters. Now the greatest part of the preaching in America consists in injunctions to those who have taken care of themselves to perform their assumed duty to take care of others. Whatever may be one's private sentiments, the fear of appearing cold and hard-hearted causes these conventional theories of social duty and these assumptions of social fact to pass unchallenged.

Let us notice some distinctions which are of prime importance to a correct consideration of the subject which we intend to treat. Certain ills belong to the hardships of human life. They are natural. They are part of the struggle with nature for existence. We can not blame our fellow-men for our share of these. My neighbor and I are both struggling to free ourselves from these ills. The fact that my neighbor has succeeded in this struggle better than I constitutes no grievance for me. Certain other ills are due to the malice of men, and to the imperfections or errors of civil institutions. These ills are an object of agitation, and a subject of discussion. The former class of ills is to be met only by manly effort and energy. The latter may be corrected by associated effort. The former class of ills is constantly grouped and generalized, and made the object of social schemes. We shall see what that means. The second class of ills may fall on certain social classes, and reform will take the form of interference by one class on behalf of another. The last fact is no doubt the reason why people have been led, not noticing distinctions, to believe that the same method was applicable to the other class of ills. It will also be important, in order to clear up our ideas about the notions which are in fashion, to note the relation of the economic to the political significance of assumed duties of one class to another. Great confusion and consequent error is produced by allowing these two elements to become entangled in the discussion. Especially we shall need to notice the attempts to apply legislative methods of reform to the ills which belong to the order of nature.

There is no possible definition of "a poor man." A pauper is a person who can not earn his living; whose producing powers have fallen positively below his necessary consumption; who can not, therefore, pay his way. A human society needs the active co-operation and productive energy of every person in it. A man who is present as a consumer, yet who does not contribute either by land, labor, or capital to the work of society, is a burden. On no sound political theory ought such a person to share in the political power of the state. He drops out of the ranks of workers and producers. Society must support him. It accepts the burden, but he must be cancelled from the ranks of the rulers likewise. So much for the pauper. About him no more need be said. But he is not the "poor man." The poor man is an elastic term under which any number of social fallacies may be hidden.

Neither is there any possible definition of "the weak." Some are weak in one way and some in another, and those who are weak in one sense are strong in another. In general, however, it may be said that those whom humanitarians and philanthropists call the weak are the ones through whom the productive and conservative forces of society are wasted. They constantly neutralize and destroy the finest efforts of the wise and industrious, and are a dead-weight on the society in all its struggles to realize any better things. Whether the people who mean no harm, but are weak in the essential powers necessary to the performance of one's duties in life, or those who are malicious and vicious, do the more mischief, is a question not easy to answer.

Under the names of the poor and the weak, the negligent, shiftless, inefficient, silly, and imprudent are fastened upon the industrious and prudent as a responsibility and a duty. On the one side the terms are extended to cover the idle, intemperate, and vicious, who, by the combination, gain credit which they do not deserve, and which they could not get if they stood alone. On the other hand, the terms are extended to include wage-receivers of the humblest rank, who are degraded by the combination. The reader who desires to guard himself against fallacies should always scrutinize the terms "poor" and "weak" as used, so as to see which or how many of these classes they are made to cover.

The humanitarians, philanthropists, and reformers, looking at the facts of life as they present themselves, find enough which is sad and unpromising in the condition of many members of society. They see wealth and poverty side by side. They note great inequality of social position and social chances. They eagerly set about the attempt to account for what they see, and so devise schemes for remedying what they do not like. In their eagerness to recommend the less fortunate classes to pity and consideration, they forget all about the rights of other classes; they gloss over all the faults of the classes in question, and they exaggerate their misfortunes and their virtues. They invent new theories of property, distorting rights and perpetrating injustice, as any one is sure to do who sets about the re-adjustment of social relations with the interests of one group distinctly before his mind, and the interests of all other groups thrown into the background. When I have read some of these discussions I have thought that it must be quite disreputable to be respectable, quite dishonest to own property, quite unjust to go one's own way and earn one's own living, and that the only really admirable person was the good-for-nothing. The man who by his own effort raises himself above poverty appears in these discussions to be of no account. The man who has done nothing to raise himself above poverty finds that the social doctors flock about him, bringing the capital which they have collected from the other class, and promising him the aid of the state to give him what the other had to work for. In all these schemes and projects the organized intervention of society through the state is either planned or hoped for, and the state is thus to become the protector and guardian of certain classes. The agents who are to direct the state action are, of course, the reformers and philanthropists. Their schemes, therefore, may always be reduced to this type: that A and B decide what C shall do for D. It will be interesting to inquire, at a later period of our discussion, who C is, and what the effect is upon him of all these arrangements. In all the discussions attention is concentrated on A and B, the noble social reformers, and on D, the "poor man." I call C the Forgotten Man, because I have never seen that any notice was taken of him in any of the discussions. When we have disposed of A, B, and D, we can appreciate better the case of C, and I think that we shall find that he deserves our attention for the worth of his character and the magnitude of his unmerited burdens. Here it may suffice to observe that, on the theories of the social philosophers to whom I have referred, we should get a new maxim of judicious living: Poverty is the best policy. If you get wealth, you will have to support other people; if you do not get wealth, it will be the duty of other people to support you.

No doubt one chief reason for the unclear and contradictory theories of class relations lies in the fact that our society, largely controlled in all its organization by one set of doctrines, still contains survivals of old social theories which are totally inconsistent with the former. In the Middle Ages men were united by custom and prescription into associations, ranks, guilds, and communities of various kinds. These ties endured as long as life lasted. Consequently society was dependent, throughout all its details, on status, and the tie or bond was sentimental. In our modern state, and in the United States more than anywhere else, the social structure is based on contract, and status is of the least importance. Contract, however, is rational—even rationalistic. It is also realistic, cold, and matter-of-fact. A contract relation is based on a sufficient reason, not on custom or prescription. It is not permanent. It endures only so long as the reason for it endures. In a state based on contract, sentiment is out of place in any public or common affairs. It is relegated to the sphere of private and personal relations, where it depends not at all on class types, but on personal acquaintance and personal estimates. The sentimentalists amongst us always seize upon the survivals of the old order. They want to save them and restore them. Much of the loose thinking also which troubles us in our social discussions arises from the fact that men do not distinguish the elements of status and of contract which may be found in our society.

Whether social philosophers think it desirable or not, it is out of the question to go back to status or to the sentimental relations which once united baron and retainer, master and servant, teacher and pupil, comrade and comrade. That we have lost some grace and elegance is undeniable. That life once held more poetry and romance is true enough. But it seems impossible that any one who has studied the matter should doubt that we have gained immeasurably, and that our further gains lie in going forward, not in going backward. The feudal ties can never be restored. If they could be restored, they would bring back personal caprice, favoritism, sycophancy, and intrigue. A society based on contract is a society of free and independent men, who form ties without favor or obligation, and co-operate without cringing or intrigue. A society based on contract, therefore, gives the utmost room and chance for individual development, and for all the self-reliance and dignity of a free man. That a society of free men, co-operating under contract, is by far the strongest society which has ever yet existed, that no such society has ever yet developed the full measure of strength of which it is capable, and that the only social improvements which are now conceivable lie in the direction of more complete realization of a society of free men united by contract, are points which can not be controverted. It follows, however, that one man, in a free state, can not claim help from, and can not be charged to give help to, another. To understand the full meaning of this assertion it will be worth while to see what a free democracy is.

NEW ORLEANS IN CARNIVAL GARB.

The artistic and financial objects of the New Orleans Carnival are now too well known to demand any detailed history or explanation, and even the aspect of that singular metropolis during its celebrated holiday has become familiar to a degree that provokes some reflection upon the peculiar loss of individuality which the city always appears to undergo at the epoch in question. A very considerable number of those who visit New Orleans at Carnival-time do so quite as much for the sake of seeing the city itself as of witnessing the great pageant. But during Mardi Gras the place is disguised by its holiday garb—almost as much so, indeed, as the King of the Carnival: the native picturesqueness of the quainter districts is overlaid and concealed by the artificial picturesqueness of the occasion. One finds the streets themselves masked, so much are their salient features concealed by those innumerable wooden frame-works temporarily erected to provide against the falling of galleries under an unaccustomed burden of spectators. The romantic charm of the old city is not readily obtained at such a time; the curious cosmopolitan characteristics that offer themselves to artistic eyes in other seasons are lost in the afflux of American visitors, and true local color is fairly drowned out by the colors of Rex. There really exist for the artist and the poet many rich sources of inspiration in quaint New Orleans, but these sources gush more freely at other times. They are difficult to discover during the pushing and squeezing of Carnival excitement. To see the Queen of the South in her most natural and pleasing mood one should visit her during that dreamy season called St. Martin's summer, when the orange blossoms exhale their fragrance, and the winds are still lukewarm, and the autumn glow bronzes those faint tints which the old-fashioned edifices wear. Then the curious confusion of gables and balconies gracefully jutting against the blue above, the Doresque oddity of the shadows wrought below, give the more antiquated streets a peculiarly impressive aspect—a foreign look not of this hemisphere nor even of this century. There also linger the Latin tongues of Southern Europe with softer syllabification, tempered by those mysterious climatic forces which make themselves manifest even in the transplantation of language; and together with these Mediterranean dialects one hears that remarkable creole *patois* which in the mouth of a woman or a child has a fantastic sweetness rivalling the many-vowelled Polynesian speech. Deep surprises of green refresh the eye that peeps through the half-opened gates of drowsy old creole courts—the broad watered silk of banana leaves, tropical creepers clawing their upward way over trellis-work, vines curling and clinging, lizard-footed ivy, the sinister "Spanish-bayonet," perhaps a young palm also, plumed like a cacique. In those quaint interiors the colonial life still endures together with many rococo things bearing as little relation to modern ideas and fashions as the New Orleans of *Manon Lescaut* to the Crescent City of to-day. In that season the nights are tepid, vast, wine-colored, like the Homeric ocean, and vibrant with an infinite variety of insect music. From the bayous and the low lands arise sounds as of ghostly violins, phantom flutes, elfish bells; mocking-birds utter their weird and wonderful pipings, immense beetles fizz by, stridulous crickets work their invisible buzz-saws, frogs hold tintinnabulary converse—every surface inch of land or water seems to possess a voice of its own; the water-lilies speak one unto the other, the shadows cry out. And through the Egyptian uniformity of the landscape the Mississippi serpentines its way with Nilotic solemnity, so coiling that to dwellers upon its eastern bank the sun appears, as in the Moslem prophecy, to rise in the west.

Few of the real attractions of New Orleans are likely to be observed by Carnival visitors, bewildered as they are by the great eddying of people, the confusion of preparation, the general inappropriateness of the moment to curious research and romantic investigation. But a Carnival night in New Orleans, during the coming and going of the great display, offers in itself much remarkable material for study—at least to one who can look about him undisturbed by the surging of the enormous crowd. Canal Street presents its long deep vista of illumination—monograms of fire, eagles of flame, ladders of light, blaze along the way; and the uncommon breadth of the great thoroughfare, with its starry lines of electric lamps threading the middle, appears to be increased by the luminosity. For eight miles to right and left the city begins to empty its population into the great central highway, through all the tributary streets and alleys, and the force of that human circulation is resistless—to strive against the current is out of the question. The physician or telegraph messenger whom duty summons in an opposite direction at such a time must take the middle of the street if he hopes to reach his destination. Rising one above another through the glow of illumination, the broad galleries packed with spectators seem like the tiers of an enormous hippodrome. When the human spring-tide has reached its fullest the pageant issues from its hiding-place, and sails by like a grotesque Armada, while the ocean of witnesses ebbs away in its wake. That Canal Street offers, in a large sense, the best view of the procession is beyond dispute; but the strictly *local* picturesqueness of the exhibition may be studied to advantage in the antiquated French by-ways. The Canal Street spectacle is imposing, but not unique. Under similar conditions a street of equal breadth in any other great modern city would offer a spectacle of magnificence scarcely inferior. The grotesque silhouettes of the moving panorama are partially lost in such a street—the shadows can not reach the sides of the buildings. But through the queer old streets of the French quarter the Carnival procession must almost squeeze its way, casting eccentric shapes of darkness upon the walls, and lighting its path with torch-light that flings upward the shadows of projecting galleries, and lends much Rembrandtesqueness to the faces peering down from balconies or dormer-windows. The artist whose very impressive sketch accompanies this brief article has effected a happy compromise between the broad glory of the Canal Street view and the still odder aspects above described. The effect has been seized at the moment the living panorama is passing the corner of the old Rue Royale, so that we have a suggestion of the side-street view and of the central thoroughfare at once.

After the pageant has gone glimmering, and the whirl of the midnight ball is over, day dawns upon a scene of merry wreck. Streets are strewn with fragments of brightly colored paper, tatters of tinsel, remnants of torn decorations; perhaps some gorgeous wagon, or "float," disabled during the great review, may be seen lying abandoned at some point of the route, like a gold-freighted galleon astrand. Last year did not the eyes of early risers behold, glittering upon Canal Street, North, the ruined gates of the New Jerusalem? But the city soon rids itself of all these souvenirs—the wrecks and waifs mysteriously vanish, the pictured Carnival journals are devoured by the post-office, the King's standards cease to fill the streets with shadowy flutterings, the intricate paraphernalia of illumination are removed, and the nervous system of New Orleans returns to its normal condition. Only the unsightly skeleton woodwork still shoulders up the galleries to provide against accident upon the 4th of March, which is "Firemen's Day." Already the Carnival societies are secretly preparing for the display of 1884. Ere long the moist and odorous spring will blow in the streets, and the city will gradually settle down into its long and dreamy summer languor; the pulses of its commercial life will beat more slowly with the lengthening of the days, the forest of masts along its eighteen miles of wharves will dwindle as the sultriness thickens, the wilderness of smoking chimneys at its sugar and cotton landings will diminish, and the somnolent and burning season will come, with warm winds and lightnings from the Gulf, with clouds splendid and ponderous as those of geologic eras, when the heavens were heavy with vaporized iron and gold.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE AND THE JESUITS.

The "New York House of Refuge" has for nearly sixty years kept on its quiet and useful career. The names of our most active and benevolent citizens have been connected with its history and its labors. It has been singularly successful. It has been kept free from the entanglements of politics and the rivalry of religious sects. Almost alone of all our institutions, it has been managed with honesty and good faith. No stain of peculation, of favoritism, or political corruption rests upon it. Year after year it has gathered in its throng of juvenile offenders, and labored with wise tenderness to save the young from the effects of their own folly. Without a trace of sectarianism, of partiality, or of politics, it has drawn in the neglected and the lost of every creed and almost of every nation, and its records show that thousands of the reclaimed in every part of the country have owed their success in life to its prudent care. It is naturally one of the favorite institutions of New York, the pride of a city to which benevolence has never been a stranger, and almost the first visit the foreign philanthropist who comes among us makes is to the House of Refuge.

After sixty years of peaceful usefulness the House of Refuge has brought upon itself the bitter hostility of the extreme section of the Roman Catholic Church. It is unsectarian, it is free from stain. The Catholic Union is resolved that it shall no longer continue so; and for several years a bill has been annually presented to the Legislature designed to change the whole policy of the institution, and separate its children into various sects. They are to be made to follow the "religion of their parents." The strict lines of sectarianism are to be drawn by an act of the Legislature. The Roman Catholic priesthood are to be authorized to enter the institution, select the children they claim as their own, and train them up in the Roman Catholic faith. The Board of Managers are made powerless to prevent the invasion; they are to look on while the priest gathers his victims, and the parents of the unfortunate children they have abandoned or educated in the ways of vice are empowered to decide upon their religious creed. The ritual, the forms, and the emblems of the foreign Church are to be established in the Reformatory. The unsectarian system of education is to be exchanged for one intensely sectarian. Religious differences are once more to be recognized among those who are alike in crime. The practice of sixty years is to be changed, and the House of Refuge converted into a poor copy of the sectarian charities that have long been broken up by law in Italy and Spain.

For several years the bill has come annually before the Legislature, and has been defeated. This year it is brought forward with new zeal and even insolence. The Roman Catholic priesthood demand, as their reward for political services, the sacrifice of the House of Refuge. It has even threatened the withdrawal of its political support. So bitter is the hostility of the extreme religious faction against this old and popular charity that they would crush it altogether. But we think they have underrated the real interest of the people of New York in the House of Refuge, and they have overestimated their own power. The situation of their own institutions may at any moment become critical. The rapid growth and great influence of the Roman Catholic charities, schools, colleges, convents, churches, asylums, is one of the chief dangers of our political future. They are wholly undemocratic. They teach the dullest form of European conservatism, and the love of rank, caste, and barbaric titles and dignities, robes and decorations, that are dying out in Europe itself. Within their mediæval depths there is no room for republicanism. Yet they are fed by enormous subsidies from a republican people. The Protectory, founded by Bishop Ives to preserve and extend the Roman Catholic faith, has nearly $300,000 a year from a Protestant or liberal community. The New York Foundling Asylum, an institution secret and mysterious, has nearly as much more. The schools of the Sacred Heart and the Orphan Asylum receive in donations and remission of taxes great sums. It would not be an excessive estimate to compute at nearly a million of dollars yearly the amount contributed by the city of New York to the support of a Church that is perfectly able to maintain itself. And yet these grants are all in direct violation of the State Constitution, which forbids the appropriation of the public money to sectarian charities and uses.

The managers of the House of Refuge naturally object to the principle of the bill as unconstitutional and tending to defeat the aim of their institution. They state that it will bring with it disorder and sectarian strife; that the privilege proposed to be bestowed on the Roman Catholic clergy is unprecedented and dangerous. They urge that the young offenders committed to their charge are the wards of the State, that they are taken from the care of their parents and their churches because they have been suffered to become dangerous to the community, and that the State alone should direct the means to be employed for their reform. They show that their institution is wholly unsectarian, and open to the ministers of all religious sects. One sect alone is dissatisfied. The Roman Catholic clergy and the Jesuit league demand from the Legislature a certain control over the House of Refuge. Their intolerant zeal may be successful with the present Legislature. They may crush or they may rule the favorite charity of New York. They may make use of their opportunity with unreflecting bigotry. But they will have yet the people of the city and State to meet and answer. They will find that the day of retribution must come at last.

Eugene Lawrence.

HARDENING—IN WINTER.

On the 10th of last January I went to the funeral of one of the oldest of the contributors to this journal; in forty-eight hours he had been stricken down by acute pneumonia. The day was bitterly cold; the snow fell into the open grave; the biting wind, at many degrees below the freezing-point, whistled among the bare trees at Woodlawn. A group of twenty gentlemen was gathered in that bleak place, old friends and elderly friends of an elderly man; their ages must have averaged sixty years and over. It is the age near which the constant danger of pneumonia—that disease so fatal in our climate—increases. Judges, lawyers, literary men, men of business, were there; you could not easily gather a group that should represent a higher average intelligence.

Now mark how much ignorance and carelessness these experienced elderly gentlemen could display respecting their health and their really valuable lives. Not a single one of them was properly protected against the menacing cold. I made a particular and statistical note of their negligence. Only one of the twenty wore a scarf around his neck; in the case of four the tide of hygienic intelligence was high enough to induce them to turn up the collars of their overcoats. Nearly all of them stood bare-headed in that Siberian wind for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a beautiful bravado, if you choose to look at it in that way. But these gentlemen took a risk that was greater than that of some battle-fields. They were inviting death; they were calling upon pneumonia to take them as their friend had just been taken.

I suggested to one of the eldest of the company, a man of seventy years, to protect his neck and chest a little better against the winter day. "Oh," said he, "I don't mind the cold; the cold hardens me!" Like most of the otherwise intelligent elderly gentlemen who were gathered around that grave, he believed that to take mortal risks was "hardening." Yet he, like all of us, knew how often mortal illness is brought on by exactly such exposure as this.

On that day the skating was excellent on stream and pond and rink for many a league around New York. Returning from Woodlawn, I stopped a few minutes at one of the less-frequented skating grounds in the Central Park. On the ice I found an eminent scientist, a man of perhaps forty-eight years. Not heavily clothed, though with abundant warm wraps in keeping near by, this sedentary professor, whose researches in physics tie him to his laboratory for half of each day at least, was fleeting over the ice with the agility and speed of a youngster. He was competing with his son for the earliest mastery of an accomplishment dear to skaters, and known as the "backward outer edge."

Now the professor had given no more attention to the subject of physiological winter exposure than the gentlemen from whom I had parted at Woodlawn had given. Still, he had hit upon the truth of the matter. The two scenes of the same afternoon illustrated the wrong and the right methods of hardening. At Woodlawn my friends were permitting the cold to attack and to master them as they stood under the sky, opposing only a passive resistance to its onslaught. They were insufficiently protected. But with even less protection from clothing, my friends at the skating grounds were warm, comfortable, and safe from the cold. And why? Because they were keeping themselves warm in the cold. In the true physiological sense they were hardening themselves against the cold. And more than this, they were getting the best exercise in the world for strong and healthy people in winter-time. Afterward they put on their wraps.

The distinction lies there. One is not hardened by becoming cold; on the contrary, becoming cold is injurious. It is at the least a strain upon the system. It may cause a serious or even a fatal injury, as when it leads to acute or chronic disease—pneumonia, phthisis. Only when the sensation of cold is followed by a brisk reaction, as when one feels a warm glow after a plunge into cold water, is the unpleasant sensation of cold beneficial. The golden rule for hardening is *to keep warm in the cold.* It is in resisting, not in enduring, the cold that virtue lies.

And the best defense from the cold is that which comes from active physical exercise. By walking, horseback riding, skating, rowing, one is warmed from within, and it is the best way. When on a bitter day I start for a three-mile walk, I find it cold work for the first fifteen minutes. One's ears have the hardest time of it; how they tingle and smart when the cold air strikes upon the thin, tender, expanded membranes! But the brisk exercise sets the blood coursing to them; in a longer or shorter time, according to one's constitution—science takes no account of the length of the ears in this case—the blood comes back briskly to them. It takes just about a mile's walk for mine to get warm. Then the whole frame is in a glow, and the day seems turned from winter to spring. So far as the cold is concerned, one feels as if he could walk "to the horizon's farthest rim" without fatigue. Such a winter's walk, or skating, for the strong, is the best toughening for the season. Weaker persons must take gentler exercise.

But when it is not a question of exercise for toughening? What are we to do when, as at Woodlawn the other day, or as in sleigh-riding, it is a question of making only a passive resistance to the cold?

It is simply a question in this case of retaining the natural heat of the body. Without exercise there is no strengthened circulation to flood the extremities with the vital heat from within. What is needed is abundant wraps and warm clothing—the more the better. When the exposure is unusually long and severe, as sometimes in sleigh-riding, you can not have too much—shawls, overcoats, scarfs, hot-water bottles for the feet, and so on. You will not be overheated when you are sitting still in a winter atmosphere; a little caution in removing the wraps is all that is necessary. But if, on the other hand, you are taking the stirring exercise of walking, or skating, or rowing, then scarcely any exposure will injure the healthy constitution; all that is needed then is warm clothes and shelter when the exercise is over.

In a word, to suffer from cold is injurious. There is no virtue in unprotected exposure. Cold resisted, and not cold experienced, is the tonic thing. The reader who fails to distinguish this runs with every winter an increasing chance of ending where this paper began—at Woodlawn.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE FLOODS OF THE OHIO.

From the meeting of its swift confluent streams in the grimy gorge of Pittsburgh to its lazy debouchure into the Mississippi at the swampy lowlands of Cairo the course of "the beautiful river" is 975 miles. Throughout all this meandering length there are no cataracts, and only once—at Louisville—are there rapids, evaded in navigation by a straight canal cut through a low peninsula. The width of the river varies from 1000 feet to 3000. The declivity of the banks on either hand is for the most part gentle, after the stream has cleared its native hills, and the aspect of the banks, rich as they are with "the pomp of cultivated nature," bearing for miles and miles through the State to which the river gives its name the trellised terraces of fruitful vineyards, is of a tame and languid beauty. The fluctuations in the depth of water are very great. From the shallowness to which the stream is shrunken by the summer heats to the turbid flood it rolls during the floods of spring, or, as now, the February thaw, the variation is commonly forty-five feet, is often fifty, and sometimes sixty, as in the memorable and calamitous flood of 1832, to which it is necessary to revert for comparison with the disaster of last week, which will henceforth become the measure of disaster, for at Cincinnati the river has now attained a depth of sixty-five feet and an inch, ten inches beyond the mark set fifty-one years ago; and at Louisville, even after the pent-up waters had broken down the dam, and diffused themselves over the spaces defended by it, the depth was but eight inches less. The rise of the river is thus along the whole course of the stream near twenty feet beyond the mean yearly rise.

Words and even more graphic pictures can not convey a true sense of this ruin, much less when the submergence is that of the foundations of a great city. The image which New-Yorkers can form in their minds of the effect of a tide fifteen feet above high-water mark in the East and North rivers can be but a faint image of the wreck that has been wrought at Cincinnati. Among the most interesting features of the river are the natural terraces, sometimes seventy-five feet above its present surface, which, as geologists agree, mark the level of the bed over which it flowed, and which is composed of the alluvium it deposited, far, far back of the beginning of historic time; for the mounds which must have been built two thousand years ago conform to what are still the banks and the bed of the stream. Upon two of these terraces, the lower sixty feet above the river, the upper fifty feet above the lower, rises the city of Cincinnati, its dwellings and its shops upon the terraces, its wharves, its railway stations, and its streets of heavy traffic upon the alluvial level below, with the humbler dwellings of such citizens as constitute the shore population of a river town. The contour of the shore is slightly bowed outward, and at the lower end of the curve Mill Creek flows in to join the Ohio, while almost opposite the centre of the city, on the Kentucky side, empties the small stream which divides Covington from Newport. The spring freshets in this stream often do great damage to the wharves opposite its mouth, and in this flood also this stream, "adding its sum of more to that which had too much," has contributed its waters to the submersion of Lower Cincinnati.

The floods of the upper Ohio were a week earlier than at Cincinnati, where no serious apprehensions were felt until Sunday, February 11. At seven o'clock that night the river was over sixty-one feet high, and rising at the rate of two inches an hour. The approaches to the bridges, including the great suspension-bridge, were cut off. The valley of Mill Creek, in which was the station of the Cincinnati Southern road, was submerged, and traffic was almost stopped. By Monday night the river had risen nearly two feet more, the gas-works were under water, and the supply of gas exhausted, and near two thousand people had been turned out of their houses. On Tuesday the whole five miles of the river-front were under water, and the lower city was patrolled in boats. In the morning the station of the Cincinnati Southern road yielded to the sapping of its foundations, and fell apart into the flood in two pieces. It was feared that many buildings more had been so undermined that they would fall when the water subsided. Only one railroad was in complete operation. The "estimates" of the loss both of life and of wealth are mere wild guesses, though there seems reason to believe that the former is slight, while the latter is certainly enormous. The suburbs, especially on the Kentucky side, suffered not less than the lower city; two hundred acres of the most populous part of Newport were under water. The water at the narrower parts of the river hid the whole "bottom," and stretched from the Ohio to the Kentucky hills.

Louisville stands upon a plateau seventy feet and more above the river, and the city proper was thus inaccessible even to these unheard-of floods. But between this plateau and the river at the lower end of the city is a wide strip of alluvium bordering the rapids, which is traversed by the canal cut to avoid them, and this lowland is Shippingport. Some distance up the stream the plateau recedes, and another strip of bottom-land, the bottom of Bear Grass Creek, intervenes between it and the river. This is or was embanked with a "cut-off dam" at the upper end, and when the flood was at its highest the level of the ground was some fifteen feet below the level of the water. On Monday night the pressure became too great for the dam to withstand. It gave way, and the water poured over it in a torrent which rapidly spread into a lake. The dwellers on the lowlands could not believe that a river beside which they had lived all their lives, and which had never washed them out of their houses before, would do so then, and most of them were in bed and asleep when the deluge overtook them. Strange to say, though the estimate of the number of people left houseless is more than 5000, the number of lives estimated to be lost is less than fifty. The suddenness and force with which the water came in, instead of lapping its way up inch by inch as elsewhere, crushed and carried away and flung together the fine houses in its way, so that the lowlands at Louisville presented a far more vivid picture of chaos come again than the more destructive deluge at Cincinnati.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

M. Mangon, who has been experimenting in La Manche with the ice-plant, the botanical name of which is *Mesembrianthemum crystallinum*, finds that it furnishes a striking illustration of the eclectic power of roots to take from a complex soil the materials necessary to their growth. His experiments show that the plant consists of a solution of alkaline salts held by a vegetable tissue the weight of which is less than two per cent. of the total mass. He suggests that the cultivation of the ice-plant for its yield of potash might be profitable under certain conditions, and thinks that at any rate it would be useful in removing from the salt ground on the Mediterranean coast the excess of alkaline salts which renders that soil unproductive.

A North Carolina Railroad which is to be twelve miles long, and which is now in course of construction, is to be owned and operated solely by colored men.

In a popular play a cat comes on the stage, stretches herself, lies down before the fire, and washes her face, and then eats her supper. She has been shut up all day without food in a box too small for her, and too cold to be comfortable.

There is a Russian nobleman in Chicago who is not sought after by "society." He drives a small-pox ambulance.

Boston seems to have the elevated railway fever in an aggravated form. The *Transcript* says: "The fight for an elevated railway from some place to somewhere—no matter what place and no matter where—promises to be an earnest one at the State-house this winter."

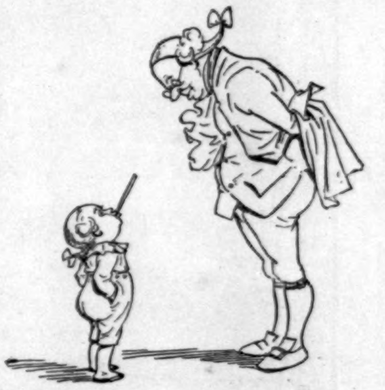
An example of economy in funerals was set by the late Lord Keane, of England, who said in his will, recently admitted to probate, that his funeral must not cost more than $250. The will further says, "My father's cost £500, which I consider a shameful waste of money."

Madame Modjeska writes to a Cincinnati newspaper that her name was once spelled Modrzejewska. Once was enough.

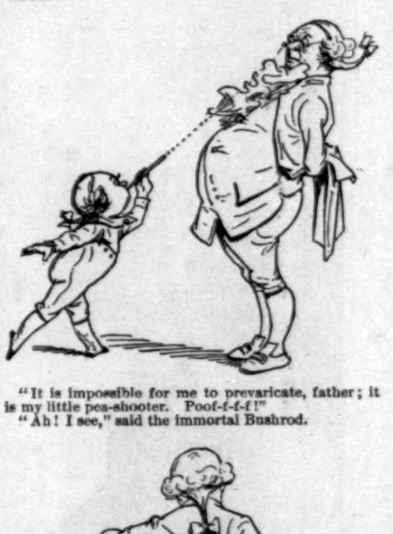
The Senate voted a few days ago to put "brime" on the free list. Then the Senators went to the dictionaries and cyclopædias to learn what "brime" was, but in vain. Senator and Editor Hawley came to their relief with the remark: "If typographical errors are to be put on the free list, we shall have no protection."

The career of a Creek Indian as a man of means was brief and sad. When the "orphan money" was distributed, a short time ago, one of Euchee's band received $2000. He went crazy over his good fortune, and on the following morning he shot two of his companions. In an attempt to capture him another Indian was mortally wounded, and he himself was killed by his pursuers.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

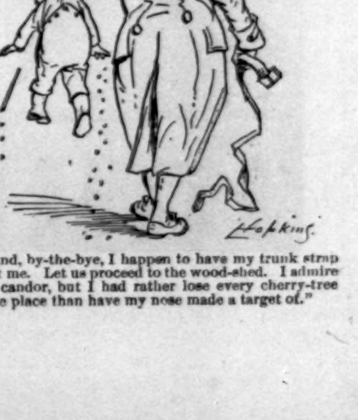


"Hum! George, what is that you have in your mouth?"

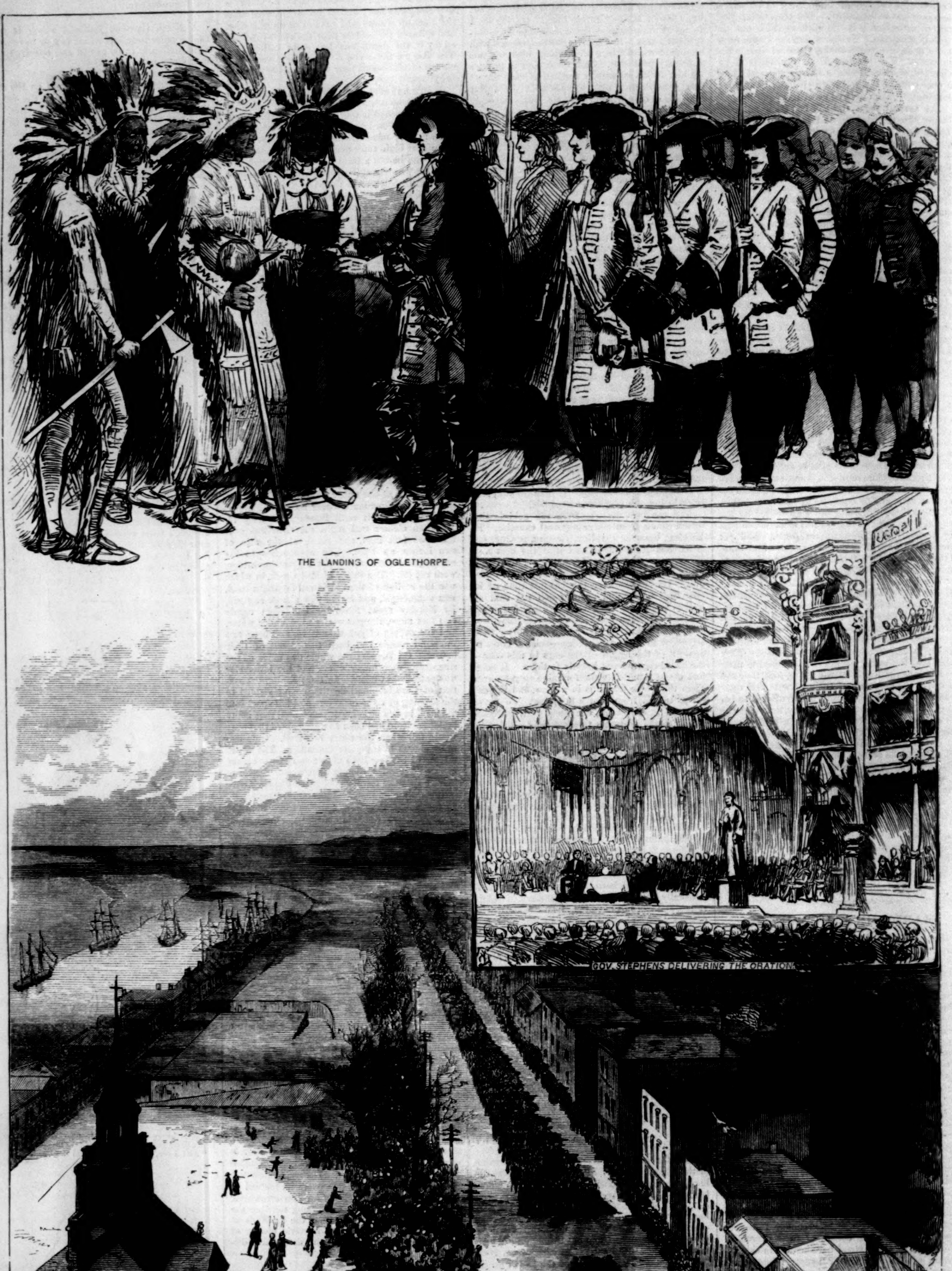


"It is impossible for me to prevaricate, father; it is my little pea-shooter. Poof-f-f-f!"

"Ah! I see," said the immortal Bushrod.



"And, by-the-bye, I happen to have my trunk strap about me. Let us proceed to the wood-shed. I admire your candor, but I had rather lose every cherry-tree on the place than have my nose made a target of."



THE LANDING OF OGLETHORPE.

GOV. STEPHENS DELIVERING THE ORATION.

THE MILITARY PROCESSION PASSING UP BAY STREET.

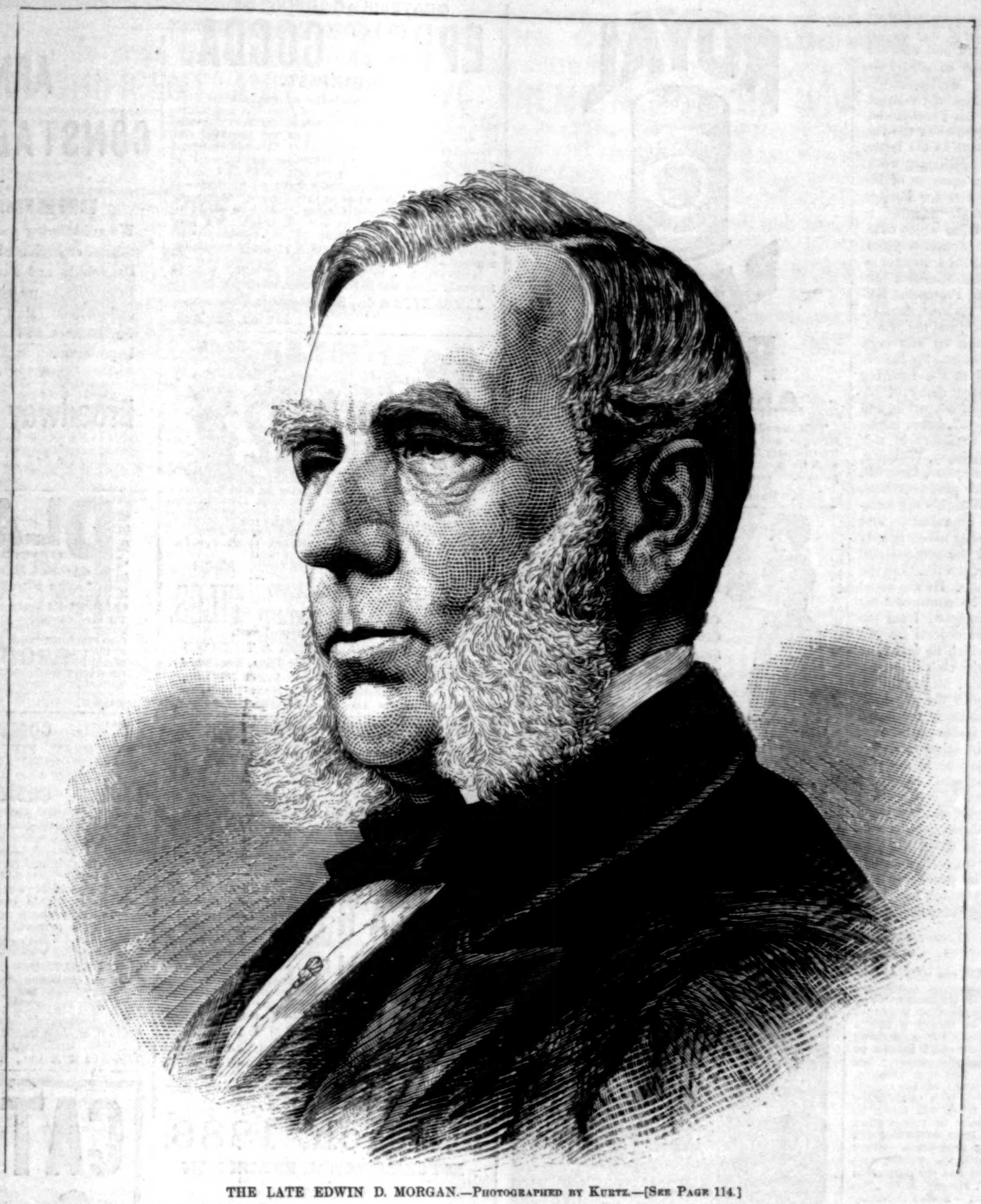
SAVANNAH'S SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 118.]

WILLAM EARLE DODGE.

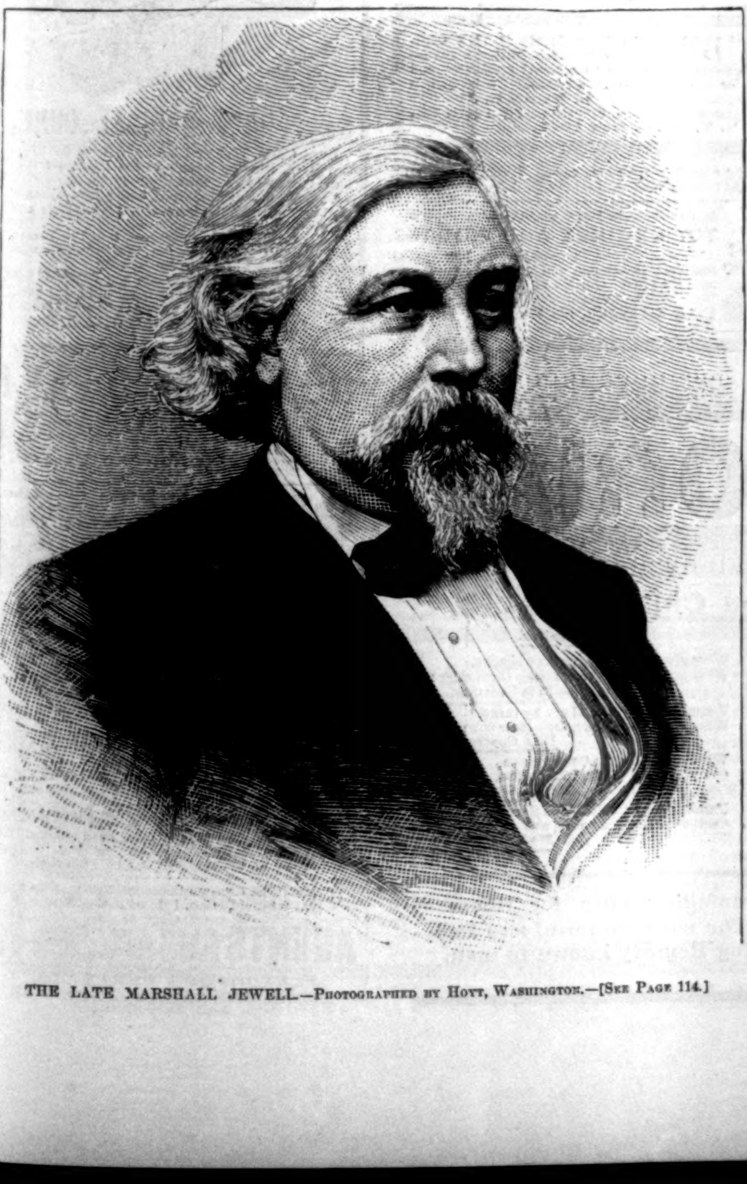
Mr. William E. Dodge died at his residence on Madison Avenue in this city on Friday, February 9, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His illness was of brief duration. His nervous force, taxed by long years of restless activity, succumbed under an attack which in a younger man would not have been serious. But it was characteristic of the man that he fell with his armor on, almost in the midst of that prolonged, earnest, and hopeful fight to which his life had been devoted, in support of the principles dear to his heart. Mr. Dodge was perhaps the best known of the many famous merchants of New York who were his contemporaries. His wealth was not equal to that of many, and he had deliberately chosen not to link his name with any great work of benevolence. But a man who had the habit of giving away a quarter of a million of dollars every year, whose generosity counted its beneficiaries in every State of the Union and in many foreign lands, and who gave to the distribution of his wealth, not only when it was great, but when it was yet inconsiderable, more time and thought than he gave to its accumulation, is not to be ranked by the millions which he leaves behind him. Nor is the lustre of his name dimmed by the fact that his bounty sought outlets in a thousand more or less obscure channels, where it could be traced only by the good works and the humble lives which it had blessed. If it be an honorable ambition to be known to posterity as Astor and Lenox are known, it is not less honorable to write one's name on thousands of unknown and grateful hearts, or to hide it in the book of remembrance where only Divine recognition awaits it.

Mr. Dodge was unquestionably a distinguished man of business. His keen intellect and untiring energy, his foresight, his grasp of the movements of population and exchange, his admirable tact and judgment in dealing with men, and, above all, his probity and unyielding fidelity to principle, were recognized by the leaders in this great mercantile community. His interests were vast and varied. Not the merchant princes of Venice or Holland, whose fame made the fame of the cities in which they dwelt, gave ampler scope to their enterprises, or imprinted upon them more indelibly the seal of their comprehensive minds. In the course of his mercantile career Mr. Dodge wielded a potent influence in the development of the rich resources of the whole continent. He was an owner of timber lands at various times in the great Michigan peninsula, on the western shores of the lakes, in the Canadian forests, among the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, in the hills of Georgia, and on the plains of Texas. He worked iron and coal mines. He built railways in regions where only the most prescient courage could have dared to hope for profit. He was active in those mighty schemes of insurance and of banking which, embracing not only all parts of our land, but many other lands, are characteristic of the age. And at the same time as an importer he showed his capacity for grasping the intimate and complex trade connections of the Old and the New World.

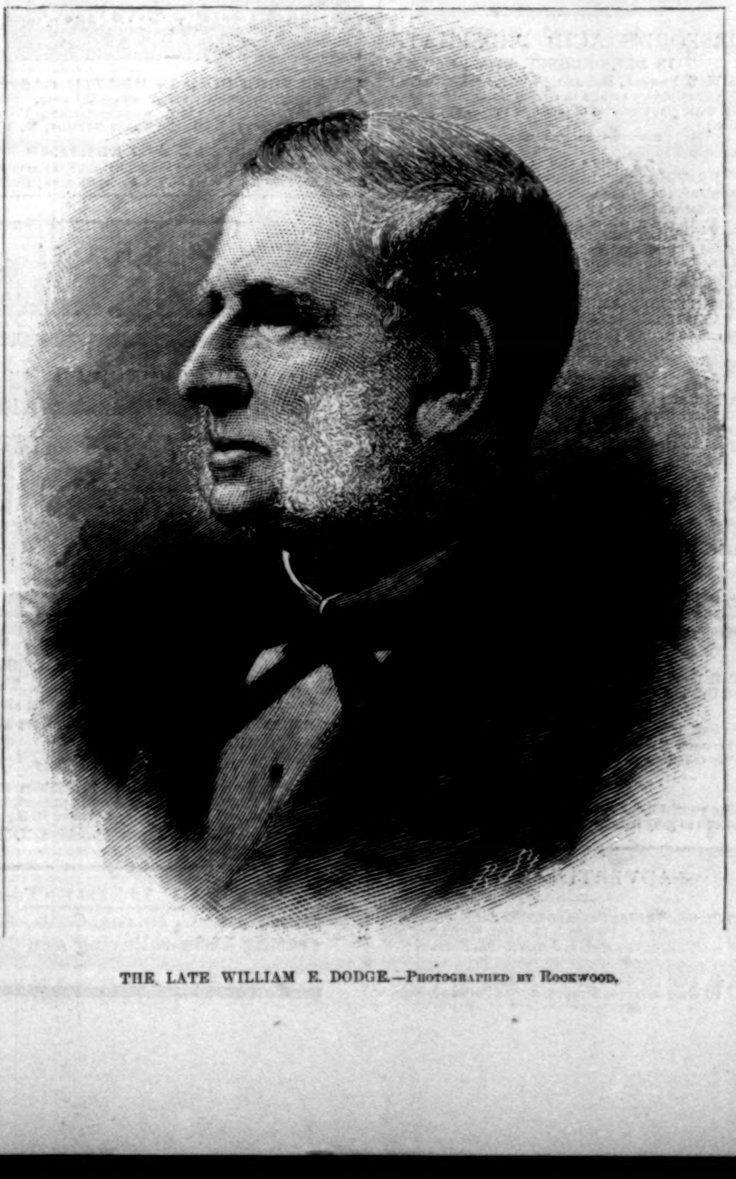
But it is not in this part of his remarkable career that he made his greatest reputation. It



THE LATE EDWIN D. MORGAN.—Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 114.]



THE LATE MARSHALL JEWELL.—Photographed by Hoyt, Washington.—[See Page 114.]



THE LATE WILLIAM E. DODGE.—Photographed by Rockwood.

is rather as a philanthropist and a practical Christian, whose busy life was regulated day by day by the light of his religious beliefs, and who carried into the occupations of a man of affairs the chivalrous piety of a HAVELOCK. Mr. DODGE was an earnest believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, but his zeal was as catholic as the former, and as intense and persistent as the latter. He was specially interested in missionary work. While yet young he became a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being made a corporate member in 1857, and Vice-President in 1864, to which office he was steadily re-elected for seventeen years. At the same time he became (1870) a director of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was a warm friend of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout, of which one of his sons, the Rev. D. STUART DODGE, was a professor, and the principal, Rev. Dr. JESSUP, his nephew by marriage. He was also a generous contributor to the Robert College in Constantinople, and to the Liberian University. In our own country, many of his benefactions were in the cause of education, and particularly of education for the Christian ministry. The Union Theological Seminary in this city, the Auburn Theological Seminary, Williams, Amherst, Yale, Middlebury, Lafayette, Grinnell, and others, shared his bounty for professorships, scholarships, and buildings. With his appreciation of the practical value of organization and association, Mr. DODGE necessarily aided largely in public works, but he found the means—and what was more generous in him, the time and the thought—to do far more in private. He was noted for the strictness with which he conformed his life to his convictions. He resigned from the Union League Club, with whose objects he was warmly in sympathy, and of which he had been an honored member, because the club derived a profit from the sale of its wines; he left the directory of the Erie Railroad, with the organization of which he had been intimately connected from the start, because it ran trains on Sunday, and he gave up his interest in other roads for like reasons. With these scruples, in the present condition of public sentiment, he found small sympathy, but though one of the gentlest of men, and relying with singular confidence on the friendship of those by whom he was surrounded, he had no difficulty in doing what he believed the moral law required. He has left behind him a name that will be peculiarly honored not only in the great city which had been his home for sixty-five years, but throughout the Union and in other countries.

IT is not only invalids and children who delight in Mellin's Food, but a large class of consumers whose digestions require delicate treatment. The food is so nourishing, so delicious, that it would be strange if it were regarded as merely a baby's dish, to be taken as a substitute for something else. This preparation has become well known in nearly every household throughout the country; but as there are always new babies and new invalids, it is well to be reminded of some of the food's excellent qualities, and that there is a preparation which dyspeptics, having once tried, will never be without. Those with any delicacy of constitution will find Mellin's Food better than medicine, and the concentration of nourishing properties. Every year increases its popularity with the public, who feel confidence in the genuineness and the perfection of a preparation endorsed by T. Metcalf & Co., the well-known druggists of Boston. —*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN DESPONDENCY, ETC.

DR. W. S. POWELL, Defiance, O., says: "I have used it with satisfactory results in dyspeptic ailments associated with great mental depression or despondency." —[*Adv.*]

35 YEARS AGO

DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT

Was introduced to the public, and it has never failed to give satisfaction. IT CURES EVERY CASE of CROUP, if given when first attacked; also DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, SORE THROATS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST, AND LIMBS. No one giving it a fair trial will ever be without it. OVER SIX HUNDRED PHYSICIANS USE IT IN THEIR PRACTICE. Although strong, it is GUARANTEED TO BE PERFECTLY INNOCENT TO TAKE INTERNALLY. Sold by all the druggists, at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

THE Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

THE GOOD REPUTATION of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Furrier, 103 Prince Street, N. Y., will send Fur Fashion Book free to any address.—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE—the standard relish. Of all the choice condiments Halford Sauce is the best.—[*Adv.*]

THE youthful color, beauty, and lustre are gradually restored to gray hair by Parker's Hair Balsam.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Blotches,

Are very unsightly, especially on the face, hands, and neck of a Lady. By using Petrolina Cold Cream, they are obliterated, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and velvety. Gentlemen will find it infallible in removing soreness and chafing after washing or shaving. Price 25 cents per pot, or $1.00 per pound can. Sold by Druggists and dealers in toilet articles.

BINGHAMTON (N. Y.) OIL REFINING CO.

WHERE SHALL WE SUMMER?

SEND POSTAL REQUEST FOR

OUR MAP OF THE

ISLE OF WIGHT

THE NEW FAMILY WATERING PLACE

BETWEEN

FAR ROCKAWAY AND LONG BEACH,

ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

ONE HOUR FROM NEW YORK CITY.

HITCHCOCK & DENTON,

14 CHAMBERS ST. N.Y.

KEEP YOUR BIRD IN HEALTH and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage dealers. Price 25 cents. Depot, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.

"THE LITTLE PIG SERIES."

Fine New Set. Eighteen Cards, by mail, on receipt of six 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Free
D. M. FERRY & CO'S
ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED
SEED ANNUAL
FOR 1883.
TO ALL

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.

Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S

Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,

75 & 77 West 23d St., New York,

Sole Agents in the United States.

IMPORTED TILES & MOSAICS

IN HEARTHS. FACINGS. BATH ROOMS & FLOORS.

GRATES. FENDERS. ANDIRONS &c.

EDWARD BOOTE

11 EAST 19TH ST. N.Y.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

GERMANY.

Munich, 1883.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS,

From July 1st to October 15th.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

1883 MODEL WORKING 1883

TOY ENGINES AND FIGURES.

We send Engine, Figures, Pulleys, Belt, etc., all complete as per cut, and in working order, by mail for $1.50. Our No. 35 complete Catalogue, 192 large pages, 4000 illustrations, by mail, 25c. PECK & SNYDER, 126-130 Nassau St., N. Y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Baby's Blessing.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an unfailing cure for Rheumatism Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

EMBROIDERIES.

We are offering a choice selection of beautifully embroidered Swiss and Nainsook Over-skirts and Dresses with Edgings and Insertions to match. Also, a line of finely embroidered Mull Square Handkerchiefs for the neck, at about one third the cost of importation.

Broadway and 19th St.

CHEAPEST PLANTS SEEDS. 750,000 THRIFTY PLANTS FOR SALE. Large Sized (purchaser's selection) *all labeled.* ☞ We sell 10 ROSES for $1, ☞ 12 Large GERANIUMS for $1, 12 Heliotropes, $1. 12 Fuchsias, $1; and many others. Nearly all OUR COLLECTION of Five Hundred Superb Varieties is priced at 10cts. $200 IN CASH, and a number of articles sure to please the ladies given away for Club orders. Special Premiums for Seed orders. Be sure and send for our *Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue* of Plants and Reliable Seeds FREE. LEEDS & CO., Richmond, India.a

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

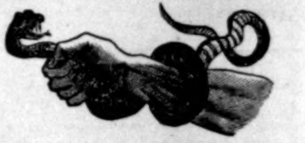
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

CATARRH



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

NO CURE, NO PAY!

We send our ELECTRIC MEDICATED PADS, to suit any case ON TRIAL. Different Pads and Appliances for all Chronic Ailments. They are the Marvel of the Age. 20,000 CURES made in 1882. PRICES LOW. Book, giving full particulars, sent free. Address ELECTRIC PAD M'F'G CO., 557 ATLANTIC AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GUNTHER'S CANDY

Suitable for presents. Try it once.

78 MADISON ST. CHICAGO

Send $1, $2, $3 or $5 for retail box by express (charges light) of the best candy in the world. Put up in handsome boxes.

50 CARDS, LATEST YET, name nicely printed, 10c. Quickest returns. Agents make money! Beautiful Sample Book and Largest Outfit, 25c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Ct. GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

IT Pays to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Goods. Circulars free. The G. A. HARPER MF. Co., Detroit, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

CARLETON'S TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE. THE BEST SELLING BOOK EVER KNOWN. The *largest discount.* Circulars free. Agents, address G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES,

EDENIA AND MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.

IMPORTANT TO THE GROCERY TRADE

To make the name of The Frank Siddalls Soap familiar to the Grocery Trade, we offer

A MAGNIFICENT AND EXPENSIVE PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS

Used by Jewelers for washing Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver and Gold Plate, etc., being superior to any other article for this purpose.

The Premium is a Handsome Velvet-lined Case containing 6 Heavy Plated Silver Knives and 6 Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made, and has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be elegant, rich, and beautiful:—

The use of The Frank Siddalls Soap for TOILET, SHAVING, &c., and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes are emphatically endorsed by the Leading Newspapers of America.

The Premium is given FREE OF CHARGE to the *Wife* of every Wholesale Grocer, and the *Wife* of every Retail Grocer: to the *Wife* of every Merchant who sells Groceries, and the *Wife* of every Salesman in a Wholesale Grocery House:—

THIS PLAN, ALTHOUGH VERY EXPENSIVE, IS DEEMED TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO INDUCE GROCERS' WIVES TO GIVE THIS SOAP A THOROUGH TRIAL IN THEIR OWN HOMES:

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it **meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce** remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap **much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; ***it is not their fault;*** for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ***ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;*** while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, ***and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.***

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

It is elegant for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without **any** of the injurious effects so often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:**—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (***not washed out;***) **it entirely** does away with the use of **Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off Oil Cloth, Linoleum, etc. IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, ***will not chap*** from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (***not even Castile Soap***).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

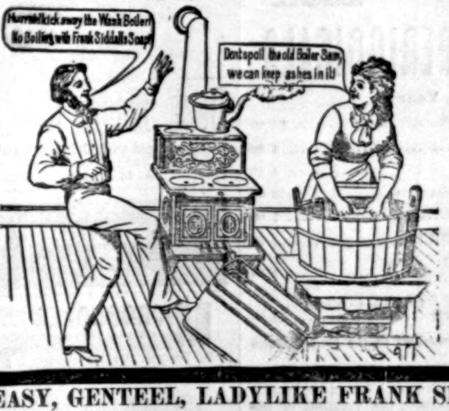
By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

☞ AND NOW FOR THE CLEAN, NEAT, EASY, GENTEEL, LADYLIKE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used ***NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,*** and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will **NOT** smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the **Soap LIGHTLY** over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.